

A  
Pleasant Comedie,

Called  
*WILY BEGVILDE.*

The chiefe Actors are these:

§ Poore Scholler. §  
A § Rich foole, §  
and a §  
§ Knaue at a shift. §



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LONDON,  
Printed by ELIZABETH ALDDE, for THOMAS  
KNIGHT, and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls*  
Church-yard, at the signe of the  
*Holy Lambe.* 1630.

A  
Pleasant Comedie

By

John B. ...

The ...

...

...

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Printed by ...

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Gripe, an Vflurer.  
 Ploddall, a Farmer.  
 Sophos, a Scholler.  
 Churmes, a Lawyer,  
 Robin-good-fellow.  
 Fortunatus: Gripes Sonne.  
 Lelia, Gripes Daughter.  
 Nurse.

Peter Ploddall, Ploddals Sonne.  
 Pegge, Nurses Daughter.  
 Will Cricket.  
 Mother Midnight.  
 An old man.  
 Silvanus.  
 Clarke.

## SPECTRUM.

### *The Prologue.*



Hat hoe, where are these paltry Players? still  
 poaring in their Papers, & neuer perfect? for  
 shame come forth, your Audience stay so long,  
 their eyes waxe dimme with expectation.

*Enter one of the Players.*

How now my honest Roague, what Play  
 shall we haue here to night?

*Play.* Sir, you may looke vpon the Title.

*Pro.* What, *Spectrum* once againe? why noble *Cerberus*, no-  
 thing but Patch-pannell stuffe, old Gally-mawfries & Cotten-  
 candle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandogge foxfard slaue,  
 you dreyed Stock fish you, out of my sight. *Exit the Player.*

## THE PROLOGUE.

Well, 'tis no matter : Ile sit me downe and see it, and for fault  
of a better, Ile supply the place of a scurvy Prologue.

*Spectrum* is a looking-glasse indeede,  
Wherin a man a History may reade  
Of base conceites, and damned roguery :  
The very linke of hell-bred villany.

*Enter a juggler.*

*Ing.* Why now my humorous George? what as melancholly as a Mantletree?

Will you see any trickes of Legerdemaine, flight of hand, cleanly conueyance, or *Deceptio visus*? what will you see Gentleman, to driue you out of these dumpes?

*Pro.* Out you Souft-Gurnet, you Wooll-fift, be gone I fay,  
and bid the Players difpatch & come away quickly: and tell  
their fiery Poet, that before I haue done with him, Ile make  
him doe penance vpon a ftage in a Calfes skin.

*Ing.* O Lord, fir, ye are deceiued in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a luggler.

I haue the superficial skill of all the seuen liberall Sciences  
at my fingers end.

He shew a trick of the twelues, and turne him over the  
thumbs with a trice.

**He make him fly swifter then meditation.**

He shew you as many toyes, as there be minutes in a moneth;  
and as many trickes, as there be motes in the sunne.

*Pro.* Prethee what trickes canst thou doe?

*Ing.* Mary Sir, I will shew you a tricke of cleanly con-  
neivance.

Hey fortune furim nunquam credo, with a cast of cleane conueyance: come aloft *Lacke* for thy Masters aduantage (hee's gone I warrant ye. { *Spectrum* is conueyed away, and *Wily-be-guilde* stands in the place of it.

*Pro.* Mas, and tis well done : now I see thou canst doe something. Hold thee, there is Twelue pence for thy labour : Goe to that Barine-froth Poet , and to him say, He hath quite lost the Title of his Play, His Calfe-skin iests from hence are cleane exil'd,

## Thus

## THE PROLOGVE.

Thus once you see that *Wily* is beguild. *Exit the Jugglers.*

*Prol.* Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly say,  
Your are all welcome to our Authors Play :  
Be still a while , and ere we goe,  
Weele make your eyes with laughter flow.  
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they list,  
We feare not what they babble,  
Nor any paltry Poets Penne,  
Amongst that rascall rabble,  
But time forbids me further speech.  
My tongue must stop her race :  
My time is come , I must be dumbe,  
And giue the Actors place.

*Exit.*

A 3

WVILY

# THE PROLOGUE.

Thus once you see that way is open'd.  
 First, Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly say  
 Your are all welcome to our Authors Play:  
 Be still a while, and ere we goe  
 We will make your eyes with laughter flow.  
 Let Mirth make mirth, and how they live,  
 We leave not what they say, but  
 For any party's sake or Pains,  
 Amongst that is all as idle  
 But time forbids me further speech.  
 My request is, that you will not  
 My time is come, I must be gone,  
 And give the Actors place.

VVILLY





## VVILY BEGVILDE.

*Enter Gripe, solus.*



Heavy purse makes a light heart: Oh the consideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has heart ease, and the world in a string.

O this rich Chincke, and silver Coyne, it is the consolation of the world:

I can sit at home quietly in my chamber, and send out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid flye villaines, and fetch in tenne in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let me see, I haue but two children in all the world to bestow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my Sonne, and *Estia* my Daughter: For my Sonne he followes the Warres, and that which hee gets with swaggering, hee spends in swaggering: But Ile curbe him, his allowance whilst I liue, shall be small, and so he shall be sure not to spend much: and if I dye, I will leaue him a portion, that (if hee be a good husband and follow his fathers steps) shall maintaine him like a Gentleman: and if hee will not, let him follow his owne humour till he be weary of it, & so let him goe. Now for my Daughter, she is my onely ioy, and the staffe of my age, & I haue bestowed good bringing vp of her (barlady:) why she is eene modesty it selfe, it does me good to looke on her. Now if I can harken out some wealthy marriage for her, I haue my onely desire.

Mas, and well remembered, heer's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one onely sonne, and (let me see) I take it, his Lands are better then fife thousand pounds, now if I can make a match betweene his sonne and my daughter, and so ioyne

WILY BEGVILDE.

ioyne his land and money together, O, 'twill be a blessed vnion. Well, Ile in, and get a Scriuener: Ile write to him about it presently. But stay, here comes Master *Churmes* the Lawyer, Ile desire him to doe so much.

*Enter Churmes.*

*Churmes.* Good morrow M. *Gripe*.

*Gripe.* O good morrow M. *Churmes*.

What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to?

Will they not pay vse, and charges of suit?

*Churmes.* Faith sir, I doubt they are brankrouts: I would you had your principall.

*Gripe.* Nay, Ile haue all, or Ile imprison their bodies.

But M. *Churmes* there is a matter I would faine haue you doe, but you must be very secret.

*Churmes.* O sir, feare not that, Ile warrant you.

*Gripe.* Why then, this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby, you know is a man of very faire land, and he has but one son, vpon whom hee meanes to bestow all hee has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him: what thinke you of it?

*Churmes.* Mary I thinke 'twould be a good match: but the young man has had very simple bringing vp.

*Gripe.* Tush, what care I for that, so he haue lands and li-  
uing enough? my daughter has bringing vp, will serue them both. Now I would haue you to write me a Letter to Good-  
man *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for  
your paines.

*Churmes.* Ile warrant you sir, Ile doe it artificially.

*Gripe.* Doe good M. *Churmes*: But be very secret. I haue  
some businesse this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a  
while; and if you will come to dinner to me anon, you shall  
be very heartily welcome.

*Exit Gripe.*

*Churmes.* Thankes good sir, Ile trouble you.

Now 'twere a good iest, if I could coozen the old Churle of  
his daughter, and get the wench my selfe.

Sounds I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and though  
his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and  
deare



WILL BEGUILDEN

deare bought is good for Ladies; and I am Wre I haue bene  
as farre as *Cales*, to fetch that I haue; 2005, 1000, O. M. H.  
I haue bene at *Cambridge* a Scholler; at *Cales* a Soldier; and  
now in the Country a Lawyer; and the next degree shall bee  
a Connicatcher.

For Ile goe neere to coozen old father share penny of his  
daughter: Ile cast about, Ile warrant him; I now tell you

Ile goe dine with him; and write him his Letter:

And then Ile seeke out my kind companion *Robin Good-*  
*fellow*; and betwixt vs, weele make her yeeld to any thing.

Weele ha the common Law oth one hand, and the ciuill Law  
oth tother;

Weele tosse *Lelia* like a tennis Ball. *Exit.*

*Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter, an old man*

*Ploddalls Tenant, and will Cricker his sonne.*

*Ploddall.* Ah Tenant, am I husband (berady:) thrice at  
thy house, and neuer at home?

You know my minde: will you giue ten shillings more  
rent?

I must discharge you else.

*Old man.* Alas Landlord, will you vndoe mee? I sit of a  
great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

*Will Cr.* Very poore? y are a very Asse. Lord, how my sto-  
macke wambles at the same word, very poore!

Father, if you loue your sonne *William*, neuer name that  
same word very poore:

For He stand to it, that it's pettillassonie to name verie poore  
to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

*Old man.* Why sonne, art oth top of thy marriage? to  
whom I prethee?

*Will.* Marry to prettie *Pegge*, mistresse *Lelia* nurses daugh-  
ter.

O, tis the depreft Wench that euer dane'd after a Taber  
and Pipe;

For she will so heele it, and toe it, and trip it;  
O her buttocks will quake like a Cantard.

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*P. Ploddall.* Why *William*, when were you there?

*Will.* O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was neuer with her, but I know I shall speed,  
For tother day she lookt on me and laught, & thats a good  
signe (ye know :) and therefore old-Siluer top, neuer talke  
of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire: & if you discharge me,  
Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before  
my lease be out, is cut-throatery: and to scape for more rent,  
is pole-dennery.

And so fare-you-well, good Grandfire Vfurie: come father  
lets be gone.

*Exeunt Will and his father.*

*Ploddall.* Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe for  
this:

Ile haue it euery crosse, income, and rent too. *Enter Chr.*  
But stay, here comes one: O, 'tis *M. Churms.* *With a let.*  
I hope he brings me some good newes.

*M. Churms.* Y'are well met, I am een almost staru'd for mo-  
ney.  
You must take some damnable course with my Tenants: theile  
not pay.

*Churms.* Faith Sir, they are growne to be captrious  
knaues.

But Ile moue them with a *Habeas Corpus.*

*Ploddall.* Doe good *M. Churms.*, or vse any other villanous  
course shall please you.  
But what newes abroade?

*Churms.* Faith little newes: but heer's a Letter which *M.*  
*Gripe* desired me to deliuer you. And though it stands not with  
my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing  
how much it might concerne you, I thought it better some-  
thing to abase my selfe, then you should be any wayes hinder-  
red.

*Ploddall.* Thankes good sir, and Ile in and read it.

*Exeunt Ploddall and his son.*

*Manet Churms.*

*Churms.* Thus men of reach must looke to liue,  
I cry content, and murder where I kinde.

*Gripe*

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,  
 Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;  
 And Ploddall thinks I am as true a friend,  
 To euery enterprize he takes in hand,  
 As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:  
 But damne me if they finde it so,  
 All this makes for my auayle,  
 Ile ha the wench my selfe; or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

*Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.*

*Lelia.* See how the earth ( this fragrant Spring ) is clad,  
 And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Floraes* roabes:  
 Here growes the illuring Rose,  
 Sweet Marigolds, and the louely Hyacinth:  
 Come *Nurse*, gather:

A Crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,  
 Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the Prime,  
 And thus Ile spend away my Primerose time.

*Nurse.* Rusty, rusty; are you so frolike?  
 O that you knew as much as I doe, 'twould coole you.

*Lelia.* Why, what know'st thou *Nurse*? prethee tell me.

*Nurse.* Heauy newes yfaith Mistrisse,  
 You must be match and married to a husband; ha, ha, ha, ha,  
 a husband yfaith.

*Lelia.* A husband, *Nurse*? why that's good newes, if he  
 be a good one.

*Nurse.* A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why woman,  
 I heard your father say, that hee would marry you to *Peter*  
*Ploddall*, that Puck fist, that Snudge snout, that Cole-carrier  
 Clowne. Lord, 'twould be as good as meat and drinke to me,  
 to see how the foole would woo you.

*Lelia.* No, no, my father did but iest: thinkest thou that I  
 can stoope so low to take a Browne-bread-crust, and wed a  
 Clowne that's brought vp at Cart?

*Nurse.* Cart, quotha? I, heele cart you; for hee cannot tell  
 how to court you.

*Lelia.* Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Sophy* is the man,

Whose loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender brest;  
 This heart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)  
 My loue with his intomb'd in earth shall lye.

*Nurse.* Peace mistresse, stand aside, here comes some body.

*Enter Sophos.*

*Sophos.* *Optatis non est spes vlla periri.*

Yet *Phæbus* send downe thy tralucent beames,  
 Behold the earth that mournes in sad attire,  
 The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droope,  
 Whose trickling teares for *Lelias* losse,  
 Do turne the Plaines into a standing poole:  
 Sweete *Cynthia* smile, cheere vp thy drooping Flowers;  
 Let *Sophos* once more see a Sunne-shine day,  
 O let the sacred center of my heart,  
 I meane faire *Lelia* Natures fairest worke,  
 Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.  
 O but I wish in vaine, whilst her I wish to see,  
 Her Father he obicures her from my sight,  
 He pleades my want of wealth,  
 And sayes, it is a barre in *Venus* Court.  
 How hath fond Fortune by her fatal doome,  
 Predestin'd me to liue in haplesse hopes,  
 Still turning false, her fickle wauering wheele;  
 And Loues faire goddessie, with her *Grecian* cup,  
 Inchanteth so fond *Cupids* poisoned darts;  
 That loue, the onely Loadstar of my life,  
 Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth.  
 But stay.

What doe I see, what doe mine eyes behold?  
 (O happy sight) it is faire *Lelias* face,  
 Haile, heauens bright nymph, the period of my griefe,  
 Sole guidresse of my thoughts, and author of my ioy.

*Lelia.* Sweete *Sophos*, welcome to *Lelia*,  
 Faire *Dido* *Carthaginians* beausious Queene,  
 Not halfe so ioyfull was, when as the *Troian* Prince  
*Eneas*, landed on the sandy shores,



# WILL BEGYLDE

Of Carthage confines, as thy *Lelia* is,  
To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

*Sophos*. And blest be chance that hath conducted mee,  
vnto the place where I might see my deare,  
As deare to me, as is the dearest life.

*Nurse*. Sir, you may see that Fortune is your friend.

*Sophos*. Yes, Fortune favours fooles.

*Nurse*. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

*Lelia*. Foule Fortune sometime smiles on Vertue faire.

*Sophos*. Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:

But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats  
Of fickle Fortunes thrice vnconstant wheele,  
She daines to shew one litle pleasing smile,  
Let's doe our best false Fortune to beguile,  
And take aduantage of her euer-changing moods.  
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,  
And Birds doo chant their rurall sugred notes,  
As rauisht with our meetings sweet delights,  
Since then thre fits for loue, both time and place,  
Let loue and liking, hand in hand imbrace.

*Nurse*. Sir, the next way to winne her, is to linger her  
leysure.

I measure my mistris by my louely selfe, make a promise  
to a man, and keepe it: I haue but one fault, I ne'r made  
promise in my life, but I sticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay  
it home yfaith.

If I promise my loue a kisse, Ile giue him two; marry at  
first I will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him  
come againe and againe.

Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

*Sophos*. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?

*Lelia*. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,  
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,  
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,  
And force perforce, I yeeld the fortress vp:  
Heere *Sophos* take thy *Lelia* hand,  
And with this hand, a loyall heart.

WILT BEGUILDE.

High *Ioue* that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,  
Grant to our loue a wisht felicity.

*Sophos.* As ioyes the weary Pilgrime by the way,  
When *Phobus* waues vnto the Western deepe,  
To summon him to his desired rest:

Or as the poore distressed Mariner,  
Long tost by shipwrack on the foming waues,  
At length beholds the long wisht Hauen,  
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioy:  
So loues consent at length my minde harh eas'd,  
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

*Lelia.* My father reckns no Vertue,  
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,  
And sweares his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth:  
But *Lelia* scornes proud *Atamons* golden mines,  
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,  
Then of fond fortunes glistring mockeries:  
But *Sophos*, try thy wits and vse thy vtmost skill,  
To please my father, and compasse his good-will.

*So.* To what faire *Lelias* will's, doth *Sophos* yeeld content,  
Yet that's the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:

But were that venture harder to atchiue

Then that of *Iason* for the golden Fleece,

I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,

Or leaue my selfe as witnes of my thoughts.

*Nurse.* How say you by that, Mistresse? heele doe any  
thing for your sake.

*Lelia.* Thanks, gentle Loue,

But lest my father should suspect,

Whose iealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,

Doth measure euery gesture that I vse:

Ile in, and leaue you here alone,

Adieu, sweet friend, vntill we meet againe:

Come *Nurse* follow me.

*Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.*

*Sophos.* Farewell, my Loue, faire fortune be thy guide.

Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe

How thou maist winne her fathers will to knit this happy

Alas,



Alas, thy state is poore, thy friends are few,  
And feare forbids to tell my fates to friend;  
Well, Ile try my fortunes;  
And finde out some convenient time,  
When as her fathers leisure best shall serue  
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit Sopho.*

*Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricket.*

*Gripe.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Master *Churms*,  
Y<sup>e</sup> are welcome to my house,  
What newes in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Hus-  
band, you haue done sowing Barley, I am sure.

*Ploddall.* Yes sir (and 't please you) a fortnight since.

*Gripe.* M. *Churms*, what say my debtors? can you get any  
money of them yet?

*Churms.* Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay:  
You must cene forbear them a while, they'll exclaime on you  
else:

*Gripe.* Let them exclaime and hang, and starue, and begge:  
let me ha my money.

*Ploddall.* Heer's this good-fellow too, Master *Churms*, I  
must ee'ne put him and his father ouer into your hands;  
they'll pay me no rent.

*Will Cric.* This good-fellow quotha? I scorne that base, bro-  
king, brabbling, brawling, bastardly, bottlenbs'd, beetle-  
browd, beane-bellied name.

Why, *Robin Good-fellow* is this same cogging, penfogging,  
crackropes, calues-skins companion.

Put me and my father ouer to him? old *Siluer-top*, and you had  
not put me before my father, I would ha ———

*Ploddall.* What wouldst ha done?

*Will.* I would haue had a snatch at you, that I would.

*Churms.* What, art a Dogge?

No, if I had beene a Dogge, I would ha snap't off your nose  
ere this, and so I haue coozened the Diuell of a mary-bone.

*Gripe.*

WHAT DRAGVILDE.

*Gripe.* Come, come, let me end this controuersie,  
Prethee goe thy wayes in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of  
Sacke heere for my friends.

*Will.* Would you haue a sacke sir?

*Gripe.* Away foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

*Will.* O, I had thought you would haue had a sacke to haue  
put this Law cracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a paire of  
stockes.

*Gripe.* Away foole, get thee in, I say.

*Will.* Into the butterie you meane?

*Gripe.* I prethee doe.

*Will.* He make your hoghead of Sacke rue that word.

*Exit Will Cricket.*

*Gripe.* Neighbour Ploddall, I sent a letter to you by Master  
Churms, how like you of the motion?

*Ploddall.* Marry I like well of the motion: my sonne I  
tell you is ee'ne all the stay I haue: and all my care is to haue  
him take one that hath something, for as the world goes now,  
if they haue nothing, they may goe begge.

But I doubt hee's too simple for your Daughter. For I haue  
brought him vp hardly, with browne bread, fatte Bacon,  
Puddings, and Souce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good fare  
too.

*Gripe.* Tush man, I care not for that, you ha no more chil-  
dren: youle make him your heyre, and giue him your lands,  
will you not?

*Ploddall.* Yes hee's ee'n all I haue, I haue no body else to  
bestow it vpon.

*Gripe.* You say well.

*Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, with wine  
and a Napkin.*

*Will.* Nay heer you, drinke before you bargain.

*Gr.* Mast is a good motion. *He fills them wine, and giues  
Boy, fill some wine. Hee them the napkin.*

Heer neighbour, and M. Churms, I drinke to you.

*Both.* Wee thanke you Sir.

*Will.*

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Will.* Lawyer wipe cleane: doe you remember?

*Churms.* Remember, why?

*Will.* Since you know when?

*Churms.* Since when?

*Will.* Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legges would not carry your lobcocke body;

When you haue made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in your stinking implements:

O you were plaguy afraid, and fouly raide.

*Gripe.* Prethee peace *UWill.* Neighbour *Ploddall*: what say you to this match: shall it goe forward?

*Ploddall.* Sir, that must be as our children like,

For my sonne, I thinke I can rule him:

Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple.

*Gripe.* My daughter's mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?

She shall haue him: Ile rule the rost for that,

Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and siluer:

Ile wey her downe in pure angell gold,

Say man, is't a match?

*Ploddall.* Faith I agree.

*Churms.* But sir, if you giue your daughter so large a Dowry, you'll haue some part of his land conueyed to her by Ioynture?

*Gripe.* Yes marry, that I will:

And wee'll desire your helpe for conueyance.

*Ploddall.* I good Master *Churmes*, and you shall be very well contented for your paines.

*UWill.* I marry, that's it he lookt for all this while.

*Churms.* Sir, I will doe the best I can.

*Will.* But Landlord, I can tell you newes yfaith: There is one *Sophos*, a braue Gentleman, hee'll wipe your sonne *Peters* nose of Mistris *Lelia*: I can tell you hee loues her well.

*Gripe.* Nay, I trow.

*UWill.* Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close together

**WILY BEGVILDE.**

ther at Poopes-noddy, in her Closet.

*Gripe.* But I am sure she loues him not.

*Will.* Nay, I dare take it on my death she loues him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they haue trick's for loue yfaith; for with a little Logicke, and *Pisome colloquium*, they'le make a wench doe any thing.

Land-lord; pray ye be not angry with me, for speaking my conscience.

In good faith your sonne *Peter's* is a very Clowne to him: Why, he's as fine a man as a wench can see in a Summers day.

*Gripe.* Well, that shall not serue his turne, Ile crosse him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it; I haue suspected it a great while.

*Sophos?* Why what's *Sophos?* a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speake well.

He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then money;

And I like not that: he may begge for all that.

Schollers? Why, what are schollers without money?

*Ploddall.* Faith, eene like Puddings without suet.

*Gripe.* Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house, For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall entertaine him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*.

Come, let's in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

*Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Chorus.*

*Will.* A horne plague of this money,

For it causeth many Hornes to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd.

For when Maides are forc'd to loue where they like not,

It makes them lye where they should not.

Ile be hang'd if ere mistris *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall*,

I sweare by this button-cap, (doe you marke?)

And by the round, sound, and profound contents (doe you vnderstand,)

Of this costly Cod-peece, (being a good proper man as ye see) that I could get her as soone as he, my selfe.

And



WILT BEGVILDE.

And if I had not a months minde in another place,  
I would haue a fling at her, that's flat :  
But I must set a good Holiday face on't,  
And goe a wooing to pretty *Pegge* : well, Ile to her yfaith,  
While 'tis in my mind : But stay, Ile see how I can woo before  
I goe : they say, vse makes perfectnesse :  
Looke ye now, suppose this were *Pegge*,  
Now I set my cap o'th to side on this fashion, ( doe ye see ? )  
then say I,  
Sweet, hony, sugger candy *Pegge*,  
Whose face more faire then Brocke my fathers Cow,  
Whose eyes doe shine like Bacon-rine,  
Whose lips are blue, of azure hue,  
Whose crooket nose, downe to her chin doth bow.  
For you know I must begin to commend her beauty,  
And then I will tell her plainly, that I am in loue with her  
ouer my high shooes, and then I will tell her, that I doe no-  
thing of nights but sleepe and thinke on her, and specially  
of mornings :  
And that does make my stomacke so rise, that Ile be sworne, I  
can turne me three or foure bowles of Porredge ouer in a  
morning afore breakefast.

*Enter Robin-Good-fellow.*

*Robin-good-fellow.* How now sirra, what make you here with  
all that timber in your necke ?

*Will.* Timber ? Soundes, I thinke he be a witch,  
How knew he this were timber ?  
Mas Ile speake him faire, and get on's company : for I  
am afraid on him.

*Robin.* Speake man, what art afraid ? what makest here ?

*Will.* A poore fellow Sir, I ha been drinking two or three  
pots of Ale at an Ale-house, and ha lost my way sir.

*Robin.* O, nay, then I see thou art a good fellow,  
Seest thou not Master *Churme* the Lawyer to day ?

*Will.* No sir, would you speake with him ?

*Robin* I marry would I.

**WILY BEGVILDE.**

*Will.* If I see him, Ile tell him you would speake with him.

*Robin.* Nay, prethee stay, who wilt thou tell him would speake with him?

*Will.* Marry you sir.

*Robin.* I, who am I?

*Will.* Faith sir, I know not.

*Robin.* If thou seest him, tell him *Robin-Good-fellow* would speake with him.

*Will.* O, I will sir.

*Exit Will Cris.*

*Robin.* Mas the fellow was afraid,  
I play the Bugbeare wheresoe'r I come,  
And make them all afraid:  
But heere comes Master *Churms*.

*Enter Churms.*

*Churms.* Fellow *Robin*, God saue you, I haue beene seeking for you in euery Ale-house in the Towne.

*Robin.* What, Master *Churms*? What's the best newes abroad? tis long since I saw you.

*Churms.* Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.

I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your selfe: if welcan deale cunningly, 'twill be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

*Robin.* A double fee? speake man what ist?  
If it be to betray mine owne father, Ile doo't for halfe a fee:  
And for cunning, let me alone.

*Churms.* Why, then this it is.  
Heere is Master *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.

Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* sonne and heire:

Whom though his father meanes to leaue very rich,  
Yet he's a very idiot, and browne-bread Clowne:

And



WILY BEGVILDE.

And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate;  
And though their friends haue giuen their full consent,  
And both agreed on this vnequall match,  
Yet I know, *Lelia* will neuer marry him:  
But there's another riuall in her loue, one *Sophos*,  
And he's a Scholler.

One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,  
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;  
For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,  
And still relies vpon the old said law,  
*Si nihil attuleris, &c.*

*Robin.* And wherein can I doe you any good in this?

*Churms.* Marry, thus sir.

I am of late growne passing familiar with M. *Gripe*:  
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second selfe:  
Now sir, Ile fit my selfe to the old crummy Charles humours,  
and make them belieue Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*,  
and so get free accessse to the Wench at my pleasure:

Now o'th other side, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him  
Ile handle cunningly too;

Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her loue of  
him:

And for because her father much suspects the same,  
He mewes her vp as men doe mew their Hawkes,  
And so restraines her from her *Sophos* sight:

Ile say, because she doth repose more trust  
Of secrecy in me, then in another man,  
In courtesie she hath requested me,  
To doe her kindest greeting to her Loue.

*Robin.* An excellent deuice, yfaith.

*Churms.* I sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of  
my fine *Diogenes*.  
I shall know his secrets euen from the very bottome of his  
heart.

Nay more sir, you shall see me deale so cunningly, that hee  
shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire;

WILLY BEGVILDE.

When God knowes I meane nothing lesse.

*Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit vivere.*

*Robin.* Why, this will be sport alone :  
But what would you haue me doe in this action ?

*Churms.* Marry as I play with to hand , play you with  
tother.

Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,  
Make him belieue youle worke miracles,  
And that you haue a powder will make *Lelia* loue him :  
Nay, what will he not belecue, and take all that comes? ( you  
know my minde, )

And so weele make a Gull of the one, and a Goose of the  
other.

And if wee can inuent any deuise, to bring the Scholler in  
disgrace with her : I doe not doubt , but with your helpe to  
creepe betweene the barke & the tree , & get *Lelia* my selfe.

*Robin.* Tush man, I haue a deuice in my head already to  
doe that :

But they say her brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearly.

*Churms.* Tut, he's out of the Countrey.  
He followes the drumme and the flagge.  
He may chance to be kild with a double Cannon before he  
comes home againe :

But what's your deuice ?

*Robin.* Marry Ile doe this ;  
Ile frame an inditement against *Sophos* , in manner and forme  
of a Rape , and the next Law day you shall preferre it ; that  
so *Lelia* may loath him,  
Her father still deadly hate him,  
And the young Gallant her brother vtterly forsake him.

*Churms.* But how shall we proue it ?

*Robin.* Sounds, weele hire some Strumpet or other to bee  
sworne against him.

*Churms.* Now ( by the substance of my soule ) tis an excel-  
lent deuise.

Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning, otherwise, and if all faile  
weele try this conclusion.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

## WILY BEGVILDE.

*Enter Mother Midnight, Nurse, and Pegge.*

*Mother Mid.* Yfaith *Marget*, you must eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe;  
For sheele not be rul'd by me.

*Nurse.* Why *Mother*? What, will she not doe?

*Mother Mid.* Faith she neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:

Send her to'th Market with Egges; sheele sell them, and spend the money:

Send her to make a Pudding, sheele put in no suet:

Sheele run out at nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:

Bid her come to bed, sheele come when she list:

Ah, 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing vp.

*Nurse.* Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.

What, know'st not thy Granam?

*Pegge.* I know her to be a teasty old foole,  
She's neuer well, bnt grunting in a corner.

*Mother Mid.* Nay, sheele campe (I warrant ye.)

O, she ha's a tongue.

But *Marget*, eene take her home to your Mistresse, and there keepe her: for Ile keepe her no longer.

*Nurse.* Mother, pray ye take some paines with her, and kedpe her a while longer; and if she doe not mend, Ile beat her blacke and bleu: yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

*Mother Mid.* Faith, at thy request Ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

*Nurse.* Come on Huswife, please tyour Granam, and be a good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

*Mother Mid.* Come follow vs good wench.

*Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurse, manet Pegge.*

*Pegge.* I, farewell, faire weather after you,  
Your blessing quotha? Ile not giue a single halpenny for't:  
who would liue vnder a mothers nose, & a Granams tongue?  
A maide cannot loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but,  
heer's such tittle tattle, and doe not so, and be not so light,  
and be not so fond, and doe not kisse, and doe not loue, and

WILT BEGVILDE.

I cannot tell what:

And I must loue, and I hang fort.

*She sings.*

*A sweet thing is Loue,*

*That rules both heart and minde:*

*There is no comfort in the world,*

*To women that are kind.*

Well, Ile not stay with her. Stay quotha?

To be yauld and iauld at, and tumbled and thumbled, and toll

and turn'd as I am by an old Hagge,

I will not, no I will not i' faith.

*Enter Will Cricket.*

But stay, I must put on my smirking looke, and smiling countenance:

For here comes one makes bomination suit to be my sprus'd husband.

*Will.* Lord, that my heart would serue me to speake to her, now she talkes of her sprus'd husband.

Well, Ile set a good face on't,

Now Ile clap me as close to her, as *Ioanes* buttocks of a close stoole, and come ouer her with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.

Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, dainty *Pegge*, braue *Pegge*, kinde *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my sweeting, my Loue, my Doue, my honny, my bunny, my Ducke, my Deare, and my Darling.

Grace me with thy pleasant eyes,

And loue without delay:

And cast not with thy crabbed lookes,

A properman away.

*Pegge.* Why *William*, What's the matter?

*Will.* What's the matter, quotha?

Faith I ha beene in a faire taking for you; a bots on you: For tother day, after I had seene you, presently my belly began to rumble.

What's the matter thought I?

With that I bethought my selfe, and the sweet comports  
nance



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nance of that same sweet round face of thine, came into my minde.

Out went I, and Ile be sworne I was so neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare Pegge?

If thou dost not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;

First and foremost, Ile runne out of my clothes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay William, I would be loth you should doe so for mee.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and loue then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an answer's that? If thou wilt say, I Pegge, take thee William, to my spruce Husband.

Peg. Why so I will; but we must haue more company for witnesses first.

Will. That needes not: heer's good store of young men and maides here.

Peg. Why then her's my hand.

Will. Faith that's honestly spoken: say after me:

I Pegge Pudding, promise thee William Cricket,

That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,

While I haue a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a

mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should haue, from

the crowne of my foot, to the soale of my head:

Ile claspe thee, and clip thee, coll thee, and kisse thee,

Till I be better then naught, and worse then nothing:

When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort:

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

When thou art sicke, Ile be ready to dye,

When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike thee good lucke:

Well said yfaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart:

Come my heart of gold, let's haue a dance, at the making

WILLY BEGVILDE.

vp of this match :

Strike vp *Tom Piper*.

Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,  
And at twilight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Robin-good-fellow, and Peter Ploddall.*

*Robin.* Come hitther my honest friend : *M. Cburns* told me  
you had a sute to me,  
What's the matter?

*Peter.* Pray ye sir, is your name *Robin-good-fellow*?

*Robin.* My name is *Robin-good-fellow*.

*Peter.* Marry sir, I heare y<sup>e</sup> are a very cunning man sir?  
And sir reuerence of your worship sir, I am going a wooing to  
one Mistrisse *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by : Pray yee  
sir, tell me how I should behaue my selfe, to get her to my  
Wife?

For sir, there is a Scholler about her :

Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I  
would bestow a fee on you.

*Robin.* Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to  
thee. *He giues him money.*

Well, follow my counsell, and Ile warrant thee;  
Ile giue thee a Loue-powder for thy wench,  
And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make her come  
off y<sup>e</sup> faith.

*Peter.* Shall I trouble you so farre as to take some paines  
with me?

I am loth to haue the dodge.

*Robin.* Tush, feare not the dodge :

Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face,  
and come wrapt in a Calues-skin, and cry bo, bo ;

Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

But first goe to her, try what thou canst doe ;

Perhaps sheele loue thee withoot any further adoe ;

But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hun-  
dred or two a yecre, & that will set her hard I warrant thee.

For



For by'th the Masse, I was once in good comfort to haue ascended a Wench:

And wots thou what I told her?

I told her, I had a hundred pound land a yeere in a place, where I haue not the breadth of my little finger.

I promised her to incoffe her in forty pounds a yeere of it: and I thinke in my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,

I should haue made her haue curst the time that euer shee see it.

And thus must thou doe, cracke, and lye, and face,

And thou shalt triumph mightily.

*Peter.* I need not doe so: for I may say, and say true, I haue lands and liuing enough for a Country fellow.

*Robin.* Barlady so had not I, I was faine to ouer-reach, as many times I doe:

But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I excell in cunning.

*Peter.* Well sir, then Ile be bold to trust to your cunning, and so Ile bid you farewell, and goe foreward:

Ile to her, that's flat.

*Robin.* Doe so: and let me heare how you speed.

*Peter.* That I will sir.

*Exit Peter.*

*Robin.* Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's ten groates for doing nothing:

I con Master *Churms* thanks for this,

For this was his denice;

And therefore Ile goe seeke him out, and giue him a quart of wine,

And know of him how he deales with the Scholler. *Exit.*

*Enter Churms and Sophes.*

*Churms.* Why? looke ye sir, by the Lord I can but wonder at her Father,

He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing vp;

And though your wealth be not answerable to his,

Yet by heauens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre bet-

WILT BEGVILDE.

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know she loues you dearly.

*Sophos*. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,  
Ioyde not so much in his imperial Crowne,  
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop'd for loue;  
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,  
And make the proud beholders stand at gaze,  
To draw loues picture from her glauncing eye.

*Chur*. And I will stretch my wits vnto the highest straine,  
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

*Sophos*. Tankes, gentle sir.

Enter *Gripe*.

But truce a while, here comes her father,

I must speake a word or two with him. *speakes to himselfe.*

*Churmes*. I, he'll giue you your answer (I warrant ye.)

*Sophos*. God saue you sir.

*Gripe*. O Master *Sophos*, I haue longed to speake with you a  
great while,

I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,  
I hope you will not seeke to dishonest me, nor disgrace my  
Daughter.

*Sophos*. No sir, a man may aske a yea,

A woman may say nay,

Yet I must confesse I loue *Lelia*.

*Gripe*. Sir, I must be plaine with you; I like not of your  
loue:

*Lelia's* mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,

And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house  
any more.

Its better for you to ply your Booke, and seeke for some pre-  
ferment that way, then to seeke for a Wife before you know  
how to maintaine her.

*Sophos*. I am not rich, I am not very poore:

I neither want, nor euer shall exceed;

The meane is my content, I liue twixt two extremes.

*Gripe*. Well, well, I tell ye, I like not yee should come  
to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore  
pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*; and therefore I charge  
you

**WILLY BEGVIDE.**

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my  
Houle :

**I** like not this Learning without Lining, I

**Sophas.** He needs must goe, that the Denill drives :

*Sic Virius sine censu languet.*

*Exit Sophas.*

**Gripe.** O, Master **Churms**, cry you mercy sir, I saw not you :  
**I** thinke I haue sent the Scholler away with a flea in his  
care.

I trow heele come no more at my house.

**Churms.** No, for if he doe, you may indite him for comming  
of your ground.

**Gripe.** Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter: She  
shall neither goe to him, nor send to him:

Ile watch her (Ile warrant her)

**Before God M. Churmes**, it is the peeuishest girle that euer I  
knew in my life, she will not be rul'd, I doubt :

Pray yee sir, doe indeauour to perswade her to take **Peter**  
**Ploddall**.

**Churmes.** I warrant ye, Ile perswade her, feare not.

*Enter Lelia and Nurse.*

**Lelia.** What sorrow seifeth on my heavy heart?  
**Consuming** care possesseth euery part:

**Heart-sad Erinnis** keepes his mansion here,

**Within** the closure of my wofull brest;

**And** blacke **Despaire**, with **Yron Scepter** stands,

**And** guides my thoughts, downe to his hatefull **Cell**.

The wanton winds with whistling murmure beare

My pearcing **Plaints** along the desert plaines :

**And** woods and groues doe eccho forth my woes :

The **Earth** below relents in **Crystall** teares,

When **Heauens** aboue, by some malignant course

Of fatall **Starres**, are authors of my grieffe.

**Fond** **Loue**, goe hide thy **Shaftes** in **Follies** den,

**And** let world forget thy **Childish** force,

**Or** else flye, flye, pierce **Sophas** tender brest,

That he may helpe to sympathize these plaints :

That writing these teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

*Nurse* Why, how now Mistrresse; What is it Loue that makes you weepe, and tosse, and turne so at nights when you are in bed?

*Saint Leonard* grant you fall not loue-sicke.

*Lelia*. I, that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke, Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed,

And so make lauish of my loathed life:

Or gentle heauens would smile with faire aspect,

And so giue better fortunes to my loue,

Why, is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine owne father?

*Nurse*. Yes, and 's a shame for him to vse you so too.

But be of good cheare Mistrresse, Ile goe to *Sophos* euery day,

He bring you tidings, and tokens too from him, (He warrant ye,) and if he will send you a kisse or two, Ile bring it; Let

me alone, I am good at a dead lift:

Marry I cannot blame you for louing of *Sophos*,

Why, he's a man as one should picture him in waxe.

But Mistrresse, out vpon't, wipe your eyes,

For here comes another wooer.

*Enter Peter Ploddall.*

*Peter*. Mistrresse *Lelia*, God speed you.

*Lelia* That's more then we need at this time, for we are doing nothing.

*Peter*. I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

*Lelia*. But tis more wisdome to say nothing at all, then to speake to no purpose.

*Peter*. My purpose is to wiue you.

*Lelia*. And mine is neuer to wed you.

*Peter*. Belike you are in loue with some body else.

*Nurse*. No, but she's lustily promised:

Hear you; you with long rifle by your side, doe you lacke a wife?

*Peter*. Call ye this a rifle? its a good Backe-sword.

*Nurse*. Why, then you with your Backe-sword, let's see your backe.

*Peter*



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*Peter.* Nay, I must speake with Mistresse *Lelia* before I  
goe.

*Lelia.* What would you with me?

*Peter.* Marry, I haue heard very well of you; and so has  
my father too,

And he has sent me to you a wooing;

And if you haue any minde of marriage,

I hope I shall maintaine you as well as any Husband-mans  
wife in the Country.

*Nurse.* Maintaine her, with what?

*Peter.* Marry, with my Lands and Liuing, my father has  
promis'd me.

*Lelia.* I haue heard much of your wealth, but I neuer  
knew your manners before now.

*Peter.* Faith, I haue no Mannors, but a pretty Homestall,  
and we haue great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, and  
Plowes, and Household-stuffe bominations,  
And great flockes of Sheepe, and flockes of Geese, and Cap-  
pons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, we haue a fine yard of  
Pullen:

And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers  
Lambs.

*Lelia.* I cannot liue content, in discontent:  
For as no Musicke can delight the eares,  
Where all the parts of Discords are composed:  
So Wedlocke bands will still consist in iarres,  
Where in condition ther's no sympathie:  
Then rest your selfe contented with this answer,  
I cannot loue.

*Peter.* Its no matter what you say: for my Father told me  
thus much before I came, that you would be something nice  
at first; but he bade me like you nere the worse for that, for  
I were the liker to speed.

*Lelia.* Then you were best leaue off your suite, till some  
other time: and when my leasure serues me to loue you, Ile  
send for you.

*Peter.* Will you? well then Ile take my leaue of you,  
and

and if I may hear from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his paines.

But stay : Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe,  
Pray'ee let me kisse your hand ere I goe.

*Nurse.* Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse :  
A little would serue his turne belike :

Let him kisse your hand.

*Lelia.* He not sticke for that. *He kisse her hand.*

*Peter.* Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.

*Lelia.* Farewell *Peter*.

*Exit Peter.*

*This* I here set in golden chaire of state,

When Learning's bid, stand by and keepe aloofe :

*This* greedy humor fits my fathers vaine,

Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine.

*Enter Churmes.*

*Nurse.* Mistresse, take heed you speake nothing that will  
beare action, for here comes *M. Churmes* the Petrifoger.

*Churmes.* Mistresse *Lelia*, rest you merry :

What's the reason, you and your Nurse walke here alone ?

*Lelia.* Because, sir, wee desire no other company but our  
owne.

*Churmes.* Would I were then your owne,  
That I might keepe you company.

*Nurse.* O sir, you and hee that is her owne, are farre a-  
sunder.

*Churmes.* But if she please, we may be neerer.

*Lelia.* That cannot be : mine owne is neerer then my  
selfe.

And yet my selfe, alas, am not mine owne :

Thoughts, Feares, Despaire, tenne thousand dreadfull  
Dreames :

Those are mine owne, and these doe keepe me company.

*Churmes.* Before God, I must confesse, your father is too  
cruelly

To keepe you thus sequestred from the world,

To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscurity.

And

# WILT BEGUILDE.

And seeke to wed you to an idiot boole,  
That knowes not how to vse himselfe:  
Could my deserts but answer my desires,  
I sweare by *Sol faire Phœbus* siluer eye,  
My heart would wish no higher to aspire;  
Then to be grac'd with *Lelias* loue;  
By *Iesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,  
And woo my loue with courting ambages,  
Like one whose loue hangs on his smooth tongues end,  
But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,  
I loue faire *Lelia*.

By her my passions daily are increas'd.  
And I must dye, vnlesse by *Lelias* loue they be releas'd.

*Lelia*. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had beene  
my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

*Churms*. Nay, damme me if I be:  
By Heauens, sweet Nymph, I am not.

*Nurse*. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with  
her father: and if you loue her as you say, perswade him to  
vse her more kindly, and giue her liberty to take her choice:  
for these made marriages proue not well.

*Churms*. I protest I will.

*Lelia*. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:  
Meane time, *Nurse*, let's in:  
My long absence I know, will make my father muse.

*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

*Churms*. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:  
Who can but ruminare vpon these words?  
Would she had said, her loue:  
But tis no matter; first creepe and then goe;  
Now her friend: the next degree, *Lelias* loue.  
Well, Ile perswade her father to let her haue a little more  
liberty.  
But soft, Ile none of that neither,  
So the Scholler may chance coozen me.  
Perswade him to keepe her in still:  
And before shee haue *Peter Ploddall*, shee haue any body,

And so I shall be sure that *Sopho* shall neuer come at her.  
 Why Ile warrant ye, shee be glad to runne away with me  
 at length,  
 Hang him that has no shifts,  
 I promis'd *Sopho* to further him in his suite:  
 But if I doe, Ile be pickt to death with Hens.  
 I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to loue *Peter*  
*Ploddall*.  
 But God forgine me, it was the furthest end of my thought.  
 Tut, what's an oath? euery man for himselfe:  
 Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

*Enter Fortunatus solus.*

*Fortun.* Thus haue I past the beating billowes of the sea,  
 By *Ithacks* rocks, and watty *Neptunes* bounds,  
 And waisted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,  
 Where Trumpets sound Tantara to the fight,  
 And here arriu'd for to repose my selfe,  
 Vpon the borders of my natiue soyle.  
 Now *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy course  
 Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends:  
 And if that still thy aged Sire suruiue,  
 Thy presence will reuiue his drooping spirits, (blood,  
 And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent with youthfull  
 Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.  
 But soft, who comes here? *Stand aside.*

*Enter Robin-Good-fellow.*

*Robin.* I wonder I heare not of Master *Churms*,  
 I would faine know how he speedes,  
 And what successe he has in *Lelias* loue:  
 Well, if he coozen the Scholler of her,  
 'Twould make my worship laugh:  
 And if hee haue her, hee may say, God a mercy *Robin-good*  
*fellow.*  
 Oh, ware a good head, as long as you liue:  
 Why, Master *Gripe*, he casts beyond the Moone,

And



And *Charmes* is the onely man hee puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it vp- on his saluation, that he will perswade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*, Ile looke him i<sup>t</sup>h face and picke his purse, Whil<sup>st</sup> *Charmes* coozen him of his Wench, And my old grandfire Holdfast of his Daughter. And if he can doe so,

Ile teach him a trick to coozen him of his gold too.

Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the Willow garland,

And play the Melancholly malecontent,

And pluck his hat downe in his sullen eyes,

And thinke on *Lelia* in these desart Groves:

'Tis enough for him to haue her in his thoughts,

Although he ne'r imbrace her in his armes.

But now, there is a fine deuice come into my head,

To scarre the Scholler:

You shall see Ile make fine sport with him.

They say, that euery day he keepes his walke

Amongst these Woods and melancholly shades;

And on the Barke of euery sencelesse Tree,

Ingraues the Tenour of his haplesse hope.

Now when hee's at *Venus* Altar at his Orisons,

Ile put me on my great carpation Nose,

And wrap me in a rousing Calue-skin suite,

And come like some Hob-goblin, or some Denill

Ascended from the grisly pit of Hell,

And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges:

Ile play the Denill, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin-good-fellow.*

*Fortunatus.* And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Coniurer.

Blush, *Fortunatus*, at the base conceit.

To stand aloofe, like one that's in a trance,

And with thine eyes behold that miscreant Impe,

(Whose tongue more venome then the Serpents sting)

Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest friends?

I, thine owne Father with reprochfull teames,

WILLY BEGFILDE.

Thy sister *Lelia*, she is bought and sold,  
 And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,  
 Is made a stale by this base cursed crew,  
 And damned den of vagrant runnagates :  
 But here in sight of sacred heavens, I sweare  
 By all the sorrowes of the *Stigian* scules,  
 By *Mars* his bloody blade, and faire *Bellona's* Bowers,  
 I vow, these eyes shall ne'r behold my fathers face,  
 These feet shall neuer passe these desert plaines :  
 But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in these woods,  
 Vntill I finde out *Sophos* secret walkes,  
 And found the depth of all their plotted drifts :  
 Nor will I cease vntill these hands reuenge  
 Th' iniurious wrong that's offered to my friend,  
 Vpon the workers of this stratagem.

*Exit.*

*Enter Pegge sola.*

*Pegge.* Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,  
 I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell who :  
 Out vpon this loue :  
 For wot you what ? I haue suitors come huddle, twoes vpon  
 twoes, and threes vpon threes : and what thinke you troubles  
 mee ?  
 I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else no bargaine.

*Enter Will Cricket, and kisses her.*

*Will.* A bargaine yfaith : ha my sweet hony-sops, how  
 dost thou ?

*Pegge.* Well I thanke you *William*, now I see y'are a man  
 of your word.

*Will.* A man of my word quotha ? why I ne'r broke promise  
 in my life that I kept.

*Pegge.* No *William* I know you did not ;  
 But I had forgotten me.

*Will.* Dost heare *Pegge* ? if e'r I forget thee,  
 I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

*Pegge.* Peace, here comes my Gramam *Midnight*.

*Enter.*

**WILY BEGVILDE.**

*Enter Mother Midnight.*

*Mother Mid.* What Pegge? what ho? what Pegge, I say?  
What Pegge my wench?  
What where art thou trow?

*Pegge.* Here Granam at your elbow.

*Mother M.* What mak'st thou here this twatter light?  
I thinke th'art in a dreame.  
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

*Will.* Sounds foule in your face: foole, O monstrous intitation.

Foole? O disgrace to my person: sounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke such a cold rashe I can tell you: giue me but such another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, cene of thy Butter-tooth, thou tooth-lesse Trot thou.

*Mother M.* Nay *William*, pray ye be not angry, you must beare with old folkes.

They be old and teasty, hot and hasty: set not your wit against mine, *William*;

For I thought no harme by my troth.

*Will.* Well your good words haue something laide my choller.

But Granam, shall I be so bold to come to your house now & then to keepe Pegge company?

*Mother Mi.* I, and beshrow thy good heart and thou dost not:

Come, and weele haue a peece of a Barley Bag-pudding, or something.

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt, And Pegge shall bid thee welcome too: pray yee Maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay hee's a good springold.

*Pegge.* Granam, if you did see him dance, 'twould doe your heart good:

Lord, 'twould make any body loue him, to see how finely he'll foot it.

*Mother M. William*, prethee goe home to my house with vs, and taste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

WILLY BEGVILDE.

way againe another time.

Vvil. Come on Grandam, Ile man you home yfaith:  
Come Pegge.

Exunt.

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter,  
and Charmes the Lawyer.

Ploddall. Come hither Peter, hold vp your head: where's  
your cap and legge, sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leaue master Gripe.

Gripe. Welcome Peter, giue me thy hand, th'art welcome:  
Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour: call  
you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good pretty square Springold sir.

Gripe. Peter, you haue scene my Daughter I am sure: how  
doe you like her?

What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I haue broken my minde  
to her, and she would say neither I or no:

But, thanke God sir, we parted good friends,

For she let me kisse her hand, and bad me, Farewell Peter,

And therefore I thinke I am like enough to speede:

How thinke ye Master Charmes?

Charmes. Marry I thinke so too,  
For shee did shew no token of any dislike of your motion,  
did shee?

Peter. No, not a whit sir.

Charmes. Why then I warrant ye,  
For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem est non apparere, & non  
esse.*

Gripe. Master Charmes, I pray you doe so much as call my  
Daughter hither.

I will make her sure hereto Peter Ploddall, and Ile desire you  
to be a witnesse.

Charmes. With all my heart.

Exit Charmes.

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. Charmes is a  
very good Lawyer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any  
thing but he has Law for it ad vnguen.

Ploddall.



WILL BEGUILDE

*Ploddall.* Marry e'en the more joy on him,  
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:  
But here comes your Daughter.

*Enter Churmes, Lelia and Nurse.*

*Lelia.* Father, did you send for me?

*Gripe.* I Wench, I did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.

*Master Churmes*, I pray you beare witnesse,

I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall*.

*She pluck her hand.*

How now?

*Nurse.* She'll none, she thanks you sir.

*Gripe.* Will she none? Why how now, I say?

What? you pewling peeuish thing, you vntoward baggage,

Will you not be rul'd by your Father?

Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?

And will you doe as you list?

A way, I say, hang, starue, begge, be gone, packe I say:

Out of my sight,

Thou ne'r gets penny-worth of my goods for this:

Thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest:

Be gone I say; I will not heare thee speake.

*Exeunt Lelia,  
& Nurse.*

*Churmes.* I pray you sir patient your selfe: shees young.

*Gripe.* I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about her still, makes her so vntoward:

But Ile home, Ile set her a harder taske:

Ile keepe her in, & looke to her a little better then I ha done.

Ile make her haue little minde of gadding, Ile warrant her.

Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's welcome thither, and shall be welcome; and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcme too, e'r I ha done with her.

Come *Peter*, follow vs.

*Exeunt all but Churmes.*

*Churmes.* Why this is excellent, better and better still.

This is beyond expectation:

Why, now this geare begins to worke,

But bestrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would haue yielded, when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call

WILT BEGVILDE.

me for a witnesse, my heart began to quake.  
But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a Cullian  
lug-loafe, milke-sop slaue;  
When shee may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman that stands vp-  
on his reputation in the Country:  
One whose diminutiue defect of Law, may compare with his  
little learning:  
Well, I see that *Churms* must be the man must carry *Lelia*  
when all's done.

*Enter Robin-good-fellow.*

*Robin.* How now Master *Churms*, what newes abroad?  
Mee thinkes you looke very spruce: y'are very frolike now  
alate.

*Churms.* What fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with  
you?

Y'are waxen very proud alate, you will not know your old  
friends.

*Robin.* Faith I eene came to seeke you, to bestow a quart of  
wine of you.

*Churms.* That's strange: you were ne'r wont to be so  
liberall.

*Robin.* Tnfh man, one good turne askes another: cleare  
gaines man, cleare gaines:

*Peter Ploddall* shall pay for all: I haue guld him once,  
And Ile come ouer him againe and againe, I warrant ye.

*Churms.* Faith, *Lelia* has eene giuen him the doff of here,  
and made her father almost starke mad.

*Robin.* O all the better, then I shall be sure of more of his  
custome.

But what successe haue you in your sute with her?

*Churms.* Faith all hitherto goes well,  
I haue made the motion to her,

But as yet we are growne to no conclusion:  
But I am in very good hope.

*Robin.* But doe you thinke you shall get her fathers good  
will?

*Churms.* Tut, if I get the wench, I care not for that.

That

WILY BEGVILDE.

That will come afterward :

And Ile be sure of something in the meane time.

For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,

And Ile gather vp what money I can amongst them,

And *Gripe* shall not know of it neither.

*Robin.* I, and of those that are scarce able to pay;

Take the one halfe, and forgiue them the rest, rather then  
fit out at all.

*Churms.* Tush, let me alone for that:

But sirra, I haue brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradise;

Why, he has made me his spokesman to Mistresse *Lelia*.

And God's my Iudge, I ne'r so much as name him to her.

*Robin.* O, bith mas well remembred,

Ile tell you what I meane to doe,

Ile attire my selfe fit for the same purpose,

Like to some hellish Hag or damned fiend,

And meete with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods;

O I shall fray him terribly.

*Churms.* I would thou couldst scare him out of his wits:

Then should I ha the wench cocke sure,

I doubt no body but him.

*Robin.* Well, let's goe drinke together,

And then Ile goe put on my diuelish roabes,

I meane my Christmas Calues-skin suite,

And then walke to the woods:

O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

*Enter Sophos solus.*

*Sophos.* Will heauens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,

And giue no end to my vncessant mones?

These Cypresse shades are witnesse of my woes.

The senselesse trees doe griene at my laments,

The leauy branches drop sweet *Myrrour* teares,

For loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe,

And fullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,

With all the fatall starres conspir'd in one,

To frame a haple constellation,

**WILY BEGVILDE.**

Prefaging *Sophos* lucklesse destiny.

Here, here doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* restlesse wheele,

And here lyes wrapt in labyrinths of loue,

Of his sweet *Lelias* loue, whose sole *Idea* still,

Prolongs the haplesse date of *Sophos* hopelesse life :

Ah, said I life ? a life farre worse then death :

Then death ? I then ten thousand deaths.

I daily dye, in that I liue loues thrall,

They dye thrice happy, that once dye for all.

Here will I stay my weary wandring steps,

And lay me downe vpon this solid earth, *He lyes downe.*

The mother of despaire and balefull thoughts,

I, this befits my melancholy moodes :

Now, now me thinkes I heare the pretty Birds,

With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,

Whose absence makes warme blood drop from my heart,

And forceth watry teares from these my weeping eyes :

Me thinkes I heare the siluer-sounding streames,

With gentle murmur summon me to sleepe,

Singing a melodious lullaby :

Here will I take a nap, and drowne my haplesse hope,

In the Ocean seas of neuer like to speed.

*He falls in a slumber, and Musicke sounds.*

*Enter Sylvanus.*

*Sylvanus.* Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leany Bowers,

Drawne by the sound of Ecchoes sad reports,

That with shrill notes and high resounding voyce,

Doth pierce the very cauerns of the earth,

And rings through hills and dales the sad laments

Of Vertues losse, and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.

Now *Morpheus* rouze thee from thy sable Den,

Charme all his senses with a slumbring trance,

Whil' st old *Sylvanus* send a louely trayne

Of Satyres, Driades, and watry Nymphes,

Out of their Bowers, to tune their siluer-strings,

*And*



WILY BEGVILDE.

And with sweet sounding Musicke sing  
Some pleasing Madrigals and Roundelayes,  
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe distresse. *Exit Sylvanus.*

*Enter the Nymphes and Satyres singing.*

THE SONG.

<sup>1</sup>  
**S**atyres sing, let sorrowe keepe her Cell,  
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,  
And sounding Musicke yell,  
Through hills, through dales, sad grieve and care to kill,  
In him long since, alas, hath grien'd his fill.

<sup>2</sup>  
Sleep no more, but walke and live content,  
Thy grieve the Nymphes deplore:  
The Syluan Gods lament  
To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse, thy lone:  
Thy plaints to teares, the flinty Rockes doe moue.

<sup>3</sup>  
Griene not then, the Queene of Lone is milde,  
She sweetly smiles on men,  
When Reason's most beguil'd:  
Her lookes, her smiles, are kinde, are sweet, are faire:  
Awake therefore, and sleepe no more in care.

<sup>4</sup>  
Lone intends to free thee from annoy,  
His Nymphes Sylvanus sends,  
To bid thee live in ioy,  
In hope, in ioy, sweet lone delights imbrace:  
Fairst Lone her selfe, will yeeld thee so much grace.

*Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.*

# WILY BEGUILDE.

*Sophos.* What doe I heare? What harmony is this,  
With siluer-sound that gluttereth *Sophos* eares,  
And driues sad passions from his heavy heart,  
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,  
After these blustering blasts of discontent?  
Thankes gentle Nymphes, and Satyres too adieu,  
That thus compassionate a loyall Louers woe,  
When heauen sits smiling at his dire mishaps.

*Enter Fortunatus.*

*Fortunatus.* With weary steps I trace these desert groues,  
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walkes,  
My truest vowed friend, and *Lelia's* dearest loue.

*Sop.* What voyce is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? *riseth.*  
Is it some Satyre that hath viewed her late,  
And's gr owne enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

*Fortunatus.* No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:  
Whose dearest blood doth rest at thy command.  
Hath sorrow lately bleard thy watry eyes,  
That thou forgetst the lasting league of loue,  
Long time was vowed betwixt thy selfe and me?  
Looke on me man: I am thy friend.

*Sophos.* O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:  
I haue no friend to whom I dare  
Vnload the burthen of my grieve,  
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my second selfe,  
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

*Fort.* How fares my friend? me thinks you looke not well:  
Your eyes are sunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,  
What meanes this alteration?

*Sophos.* My minde, sweet friend, is like a restlesse ship,  
That's hur'd and tost vpon the surging seas,  
By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Elos* whistling winds,  
On rocks and sands, farre from the wished port  
Whereon my silly ship desires to land;  
Faile *Lelias* loue, that is my wished haven,  
Wherein my wandring thoughts would take repose,  
For want of which, my restlesse thoughts are tost:

For

WILT BEGVILDE.

For want of which all *Sophos* ioyes are lost.]

*Fortu.* Doth *Sophos* loue my sister *Lelia*?

*Sophos.* She, she it is, whole loue I wish to gaine:  
Nor need I wish, nor doe I lone in vaine,  
My loue she doth repay with equall meed:

'Tis strange you'le say that *Sophos* should not speed.

*Fortunatus.* Your loue repaid with equall meed:  
And yet you languish still in loue? 'tis strange: (friend,  
From whence proceeds your griefe? vnfold vnto your  
A friend may yeeld reliefe.

*Sophos.* My want of wealth is authour of my griefe,  
Your father sayes, my state is too too low:  
I am no Hobby-bred; I may not soare so high, as *Lelias* loue,  
The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

When I with *Icarus* would soare against the Sunne,  
He is the onely fiery *Phaeton* denies my course,  
And feares my waxen wings, when as I soare aloft:  
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* sight,  
That not so much as paper pleads remorse:  
Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis* lap,  
Since these mine eyes beheld sweet *Lelias* face.  
What graeter griefe? what other hell then this,  
To be denied to come where my beloued is?

*Fortunatus.* Doe you alone loue *Lelia*?  
Haue you no riuals with you in your loue?

*Sophos.* Yes onely one, and him your father backes.  
'Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddals* sonne and heire,  
One whose base rusticke rude desert  
Vnworthy farre to win so faire a prize,  
Yet meanes your father for to make a match  
For golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,  
And scornes at vertues lore: hence growes my griefe.

*Fortu.* If it be true, I heare there is one *Charmes* beside,  
Makes suite to win my sister to his bride.

*Sophos.* That cannot be, *Charmes* is my vowed friend,  
Whose tongue relates the tenour of my loue  
To *Lelias* cares, I haue no other meanes.

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Fortu.* Well, trust him not : the Tyger hides his Claws,  
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.  
But stay : here comes *Lelias* Nurse.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Sophos.* Nurse, what newes?  
How fares my Loue?!

*Nurse.* How fares she, quotha? Marry she may fare how  
she will for you : Neither come to her, nor send to her of a  
whole fortnight?

Now I sweare to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband  
should haue seru'd me so, when he came a wooing to me, I  
would neuer haue look't on him with a good face, as long as I  
had liued.

But he was as kinde a wretch as euer laid lips of a woman,  
He would a come thorow the windowes, or doores, or walls,  
or any thing, but he would haue come to me.

Marry after we had beene marryed a while, his kindnesse be-  
gan to slacke, for Ile tell you what he did :

Hee made me beleue hee would goe to Greene-goose faire,  
and Ile be sworne, he tooke his legges and ranne cleane a-  
way :

And I am afraid you'll prooue een such another kinde  
piece to my Mistresse : for shee sits at home in a corner wee-  
ping for you ; and Ile be sworne, she's ready to dye vpward  
for you :

And her father oth' other side, he yoles at her, and ioles at her:  
and she leades such a life for you, it passes ; and you'll neither  
come to her, nor send to her :

Why, she thinks you haue forgotten her.

*Sophos.* Nay, then let heauens in sorrow end my dayes,  
And fatall Fortune neuer cease to frowne :

And heauen and earth, and all conspire to pull me downe,  
If blacke obliuion seize vpon my heart,

Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loue.

*Fortunatus.* Why Nurse, I am sure that *Lelia* heares from  
*Sophos* once a day at least, by *Churms* the Lawyer,  
Who is his onely friend.

*Nurse,*



WILY BEGVILDE.

*Nurse.* What, young Master? God blesse mine eye-sight,  
Now by my Maydenhead y'are welcome home,  
I am sure my Mistresse will be glad to see you.  
But what say you of Master *Churms*?

*Fortn.* Marry, I say he's a wel-willer to my sister *Lelia*,  
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

*Nurse.* Marry the Deuill he is: trust him, and hang him:  
Why, he cannot speake a good word on him to my old Ma-  
ster; and he does so risle before my Mistresse with his Bar-  
barian eloquence, and strut before her in a paire of Polonian  
legges, as he were a Gentleman Vsher to the great Turke, or  
to the Deuill of *Dongate*:

And if my mistresse would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe  
snick-up: But he has such a butter-milke face, that she'le ne-  
uer haue him.

*Sophos.* Can falshood lurke in those inticing lookes?  
And deepe dissemblance lye, where truth appeares?

*Fortunatus.* Iniurious villany, to betray his friend!

*Nurse.* Sir, doe you know the Gentleman?

*Fortunatus.* Faith not well.

*Nurse.* Why sir, he lookes like a red Herring at a Noble-  
mans table on Easter day, and he speakes nothing but Al-  
mond-butter, and Suger-candy.

*Fortn.* That's excellent.

*Sophos.* This world's the Chaos of confusion:  
No world at all but masse of open wrongs,  
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may see,  
The high roade-way from woe to misery.

*Fortn.* Content your selfe, and leaue these passions,  
Now doe I sound the depth of all their drifts,  
The Denils deuice, and *Churms* his knauery:  
On whom his heart vowed to be reueng'd.  
Ile scatter them: the plot's already in my head.

*Nurse.* hie thee home, commend me to my sister:  
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*,  
To him she must recount her many griefes,  
Exclaime against her Fathers hard constraint,

And

WILY BEGVILDE.

And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Catse*,  
 That he may thinke she loues him as her life :  
 Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes  
 He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,  
 Vnto a secret friend of hers ;  
 The way to whom lyes by the Forrest side,  
 That none but hee shall haue her to his bride.  
 For her departure, let her point the time,  
 To morrow night when *Vesper* gins to shine,  
 Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,  
 Accompanied with her Gentleman-vsher,  
 Whose amorous thoughts doe dreame on nought but loue,  
 And if this Bastinado hold,  
 Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne :  
 Let me alone to vse him in his kind,  
 This is the trap which for him I haue laid,  
 Thus craft by cunning once shall be betrayd ;  
 And for the Deuill, Ile coniure him :  
 Good *Nurse* be gone : bid her not faile,  
 And for a token, beare to her this Ring,  
 Which well she knowes, for when I saw her last,  
 It was her fauour, and she gaue it me.

*Sophos.* And beare her this from me.

And with this Ring, bid her receiue my heart :  
 My heart ? alas, my heart I cannot giue,  
 How should I giue her that which is her owne ?

*Nurse.* And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,  
 And so change is not robbery.

Well, Ile giue her your Tokens, and tell her what ye say.

*Fortunatus.* Doe good *Nurse* : but in any case let not my  
 Father know that I am here, vntill we haue effected all our  
 purposes.

*Nurse.* Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,  
 As Master *Churmes* does with *Sophos*.

I would ha my eares cut from my head first. *Exit Nurse.*

*Fortunatus.* Come *Sophos*, cheere vp your selfe, man,  
 Let hope expell these melancholy dumps.

Meane

## WILLY BEGVILDE.

Meane while, lets in,  
Expecting how the euent of this deuice will fall,  
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time,  
When weele expect the comming of your Loue.  
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,  
But you shall haue her.

*Sophos.* And I will study to deserue this lone.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter VVilliam Cricket, solus.*

*VVill.* Looke on me, and looke of Master *Churms*:

A good proper man:

Marry Master *Churms* has something a better paire of  
Legges indeed:

But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely Corps,

And a carowfing Codpeece,

All *England* if it can

Shew me such a man,

To win a wench by gis,

To clip, to coll, to kisse,

As *William Cricket* is.

Why looke you now: if I had bin such a great long, large,

Lobcock, loseld Lurden, as Master *Churmes* is,

Ile warrant you, I should neuer haue got *Pegge* as long as I  
had liued: for (doe you marke) a Wench will neuer loue a  
man that has all his substance in his Legges.

But stay: here comes my Landlord,

I must goe and salute him.

*Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.*

*Ploddall.* Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robin-  
good-fellow*? He's the man must doe the fact.

*Peter.* Faith-Father, I see him not this two dayes; but Ile  
seeke him out: for I know he'le doe the deede, and she were  
twenty *Lelias*.

For father, he's a very cunning man: for, giue him but tenne  
groates, and he'le giue me a Powder, that will make *Lelias*  
come to bed to me:

WILLY BEGYLDE.

And when I haue her there, Ile vse her well enough.

*Ploddall.* Will he so? Marry, I will giue him vorty shillings, if can doe it.

*Peter.* Nay, he'le doe more then that too,  
For he'le make himselfe like a Deuill, and fray the Scholler  
that hankers about her, out on's wits.

*Ploddall.* Marry, Iesus blesse vs: will he so?  
Marry thou shalt haue vorty shillings to giue him, and thy  
mother shall bestow a hand Cheese on him beside.

*Will.* Land-lord, a pox on you, this good morne.

*Ploddall.* How now foole, dost curse me?

*Will.* How now foole, how now Carterpi ler?  
It's a signe of death, when such vermine creepe hedges so  
early in the morning.

*Peter.* Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you  
speake?

*Will.* Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your  
wooing manners, or else I might haue turn'd my faire bush  
taylor to you in stead of your feather; and haue giuen you the  
ill salutation this morning.

*Ploddall.* Let him alone, *Peter*, Ile temper him well  
ynough.

Sirra, I heare say you must be married shortly,  
Ile make you pay a sweet fine for your house, for this.  
Ha, sirra, am not I your Land-lord?

*Will.* Yes, for fault of a better; but you get neither sweet  
fine, nor sower fine of me.

*Ploddall.* My Masters, I pray you beare witnesse:  
I doe discharge him then.

*Will.* My Masters, I pray you beare witnesse:  
My Land-lord has giuen me a generall discharge.  
Ile be married presently, my fine's payd: I haue a discharge  
for it.

*He offers to goe away.*

*Ploddall.* Nay prethee stay.

*Will.* No, Ile not stay, Ile goe call the Clarke,  
Ile be cryed out vpon ith Church presently,  
What ho, What Clarke I say, where are you? *Enter Clarke.*

*Clarke.*



# WILLY BEGPILDE.

*Clarke.* Who calls me, what would you haue with me?  
Marry Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any charge to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or else *William Cricker* will wipe his nose of her.

*Clarke.* You meane you would be askt ith Church?

*Will.* I, that's it: a bots on't, I cannot hit of these marry-ing tearmes yet.

And Ile desire my Land-lord here and his sonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too:

Yfaith *Peter*, you shall cramme your guts full of Cheefecakes and Custards there.

And sirra *Clarke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:

Yfaith my powder-beefe slaue,

Ile haue a rumpe of beefe for thee, 'shall make thy mouth stand oth tother side.

*Clarke.* When would you haue it done?

*Will.* Marry eene as soone as may be: let me see:

I will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will be askt ith forenoone, and marryed ith afternoone: For (doe you marke?) I am none of these sneaking fellows that will stand thrumming of Caps, and studying vpon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to show his little wit, in the second part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clarke*, let me haue it done with all speed: for I promise you, I am very sharpe fet.

*Clarke.* Faith you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at Morning prayer; but *Sir Iohn* cannot tend to doe it at Euening prayer: for there comes a company of Players to th Towne on Sunday ith afternoone; and *Sir Iohn* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leaue their company, to say Euening prayer.

For (though I say it) he's a very painefull man, and takes so great delight in that faculty, that he'll take as great paine

WILT BEGFILDE.

about building of a Stage, or so, as the basest fellow among them.

*Will.* Nay, if he haue so lawfull an excuse, I am content to deferre it one day the longer :

And Landlord, I hope, you and your sonne *Peter* will make bold with vs, and trouble vs.

*Ploddall.* Nay *William*, we would be loth to trouble you : But you shall haue our company there.

*Will.* Faith you shall be heartily welcome, and we will haue good marry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burst.

*Peter.* Why, *William*, what company doe you meane to haue ?

*Will.* Marry, first and formost, there will be an honest Dutch Cobler, that will sing (*I will no more to Burgine goe*) the best that euer you did heare.

*Ploddall.* What must a Cobler be your chiefe guest ? Why he's a base fellow.

*Will.* A base fellow ? you may be a shamed to say so ; For he's a honest fellow, and a good fellow, And hee begins to carry the very badge of good-fellowship vpon his nose ; that I doe not doubt but in time, hee will proue as good a Cuppe-companion as *Robin-good-fellow* himselfe :

I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too, For Ile tell you what, tie him to th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Custard, a Cheefe-cake, a Hogs Cheeke or a Calues head, turne any man i'th towne to him, and if he doe not proue himselfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turne his body into a Barrell of strong Ale, and let his Nose be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foster, & his Tongue a Plugge for the Bung-hole.

And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lines ; and *Tom Shoemaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honest man, for hee was Constable o'th Towne.

And a number of other honest Rascals ; wich though they are

**WILT BEGUILDE.**

are growne bankrupts, and liue at the reuerſion of other mens tables :

Yet (thanks be to God) they haue a penny amongst them at all times at their need.

*Ploddall.* Nay, if *Robin-good-fellow* be there, you ſhall be ſure to haue our company :

For he's one that we heare very well of;

And my ſonne here, has ſome occaſion to uſe him :

And therefore if we may know when 'tis,

We'll make bold to trouble you.

*Will.* Yes, Ile ſend you word.

*Ploddall.* Why then farewell, till we heare from you.

*Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.*

*Will.* Well *Clarke*, you'ſe ſee this matter brauely performed : let it be done as it ſhould be.

*Clarke.* Ile warrant ye, feare not.

*Will.* Why, then goe you to Sir *John*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her giue her Maydenhead warning to prepare it ſelfe; for the deſtruction of it is at hand.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lelia, ſola.*

*Lelia.* How Loue and fortune both, with eger mood,  
Like greedy Hounds, doe hunt my tyred heart,  
Rowz'd forth the thickets of my wonted ioyes :  
And *Cupid* winds his ſhrill note Bugle horne,  
For ioy my ſilly heart ſo neere is ſpent :  
Deſire, that eger Curre purſues theſe the' chafe,  
And fortune rides amaine vnto the fall :  
Now Sorrow ſings, and Mourning beares a part,  
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

*Enter Nurſe.*

*Nurſe.* What newes ?

*Nurſe.* Faith, a whole Sacke full of newes :

You loue *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loues you ;

And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him ;

And you loue not *Maſter Chumme*, and he lones you,

WILT BEGUILDE.

And so her's loue and no loue;  
And I loue, and I loue not,  
And I cannot tell what:  
But of all, and of all, Master *Churmes* must be the man you  
must loue.

*Lelia*. Nay, first Ile mount me on the winged wind,  
And flee for succour to the farthest *Ind*.  
Must I loue Master *Churmes*?

*Nurse*. Faith you must, and you must not.

*Lelia*. As how, I pray thee?

*Nurse*. Marry I haue commendations to you.

*Lelia*. From whom?

*Nurse*. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

*Lelia*. My brother *Fortunatus*?

*Nurse*. No, from *Sophos*.

*Lelia*. From my Loue?

*Nurse*. No, from neither.

*Lelia*. From neither?

*Nurse*. Yes from both,

*Lelia*. Prethee leaue thy foolery, and let me know thy  
newes.

*Nurse*. Your brother *Fortunatus* and your Loue, to morrow  
night will meet you by the Forrest side,  
There to conferre about I know not what:  
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy counsell  
before you come againe.

*Lelia*. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres?

*Nurse*. He is with *Sophos* euery day,  
But in any case you must not let your father know,  
For he hath sworne he will not be descryed,  
Vntill he hath effected your desires,  
For he swaggers, and swears out of all cry,  
That he will venture all,  
Both fame, and blood, and limme, and life,  
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

*Lelia*. Alas, *Nurse*, my fathers icalous braine,  
Doth scarce allow me once amonth to goe,

Beyond



# WILEY BEGVIEDDE.

Beyond the compasse of his watchfull eyes,  
Nor once affords me any conference,  
With any man, except with master *Churms*,  
Whose crafty braine beguiles my father so,  
That he reposeth truth in none but him:  
And though he seeke for fauour at my hand,  
He takes his marke amisse and shootes awry.  
For he had rather see the Deuill himselfe,  
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:  
Therefore how I should meet him by the Forrest side,  
I cannot possible deuise.

*Nurse*. And Master *Churms* must be the man must worke  
the meanes.

You must this night send for him:  
Make him belecue you loue him mightily,  
Tell him you haue a secret friend dwells far away beyond the  
Forrest:  
To whom, if he can secretly conuey you from your father,  
Tell him you will loue him better then euer God loued him:  
And when you come to the place appointed,  
Let them alone to discharge the knaue of Clubs:  
And that you must not faile,  
Here receiue this Ring which *Fortunatus* sent you for a  
token:

That this is the plot that you must prosecute,  
And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge.

*Lelia*. This Ring my brother sent, I know right well,  
But this, my true Loues pledge, I more esteeme  
Then all the Golden mines the soyled earth contains:  
And see, in happy time here comes Master *Churms*. *Enter Ch.*  
Now Loue, and Fortune, both conspire,  
And sort their drifts to compasse my desire.

Master *Churms*, y'are well met: I am glad to see you.

*Churms*. And I am glad to see faire *Lelia*,  
As euer *Paris* was to see his deare:  
For whom so many Troians blood was spilt;  
Nor thinke, I would doe lesse then spend my dearest blood,

To

WILL BECKILDE.

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by losse of life.

*Nurse.* Faith Mistresse, he speakes like a Gentleman:

Let me perswade you,

Be not hard-hearted,

*Sophos*? Why, what's he?

If he had lou'd you but halfe so well, hee would ha come through stone walles, but hee would haue come to you ere this.

*Lelia.* I must confesse I once lou'd *Sophos* well,  
But now I cannot loue him, whom all the world knowes to be a dissembler.

*Churms.* Ere I would wrong my loue with one dayes absence,

I would passe the boyling *Hellestone*,

As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue:

Or vndertake a greater taske then that,

Ere I would be disloyall to my loue.

And if that *Lelia* giue her free consent,

That both our loues may sympathize in one,

My hand, my heart, my loue, my life, and all,

Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire command.

*Lelia.* Master *Churmes*, me thinkes 'tis strange, you should make such a motion:

Say I should yeeld, and grant you loue,

When most you should expect a sun-shine day,

My Fathers will would marre your hop't for hay:

And when you thought to reape the fruits of loue,

His hard constraint, would blast it in the bloome:

For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddalls* pelfe,

That none but he forsooth must be the man:

And I will rather match my selfe

Vnto a groome of *Plumes* grieufully denne,

Then vnto such a silly golden Asse.

*Churms.* Brauely resolved yfaith.

*Lelia.* But to be short:

I haue a secret friend that dwells from hence,

Some two dayes journey, that's the most,

And

WILLY BEGVILDE.

And if you can, (as well as I know) you may, conuey mee  
thither secretly :  
For company I desire no other then your owne :  
Here take my hand :  
That once perform'd my heart is next.

*Churms.* If on th'aduenture all the dangers lay,  
That *Europe*, or the Western world affords,  
Were it to combate *Cerberus* himselfe,  
Or scale the brazen walls of *Plutoes* Court ;  
When as there is so faire a Prize propos'd,  
If I shrinke backe, or leaue it vnperform'd,  
Let the world Canonize me for a Coward :  
Appoint the time, and leaue the rest to me.

*Lelia.* When nights blacke mantle ouer-spreads the sky,  
And dayes bright Lampe, is drenched in the West,  
To morrow night, I thinke the fittest time,  
That silent shade may giue our safe conuoy,  
Vnto our wished hopes, vnseene of liuing eye.

*Churms.* And at that time I will not faile,  
In that, or ought that may auayle.

*Nurse.* But that if *Sophos* should meet you in the Forrest  
side :

And incounter you with his single Rapier ?

*Churms.* *Sophos* ? a hop of my thumb, a wretch, a wretch :  
Should *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with some  
Champion,

With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,  
Were he as stout as *Hercules* himselfe,  
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand,  
And bandy blowes as thicke as hailestones fall,  
And carry *Lelia* away, in spight of all their force.  
What ? Loue will make Cowards fight ;  
Much more a man of my resolution.

*Lelia.* And on your resolution Ile depend, vntill to mor-  
row at th'appointed time, when Ile looke for you :  
Till when, Ile leaue you and goe make preparation for our  
Iourney.

*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

H

*Churms.*

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Churms.* Farewell faire Loue, vntill we meet againe.  
Why so : did I not tell you she would be glad to runne away  
with me at length ?  
Why this falls out , eene as a man would say , Thus I would  
haue it.  
But now I must cast about for money too :  
Let me see ; I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debtors,  
And I haue the Bonds in mine owne hands :  
The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hundred  
pounds,  
Well, Ile to them : if I can but get one halfe,  
Ile deliuer them their bonds, and leaue the other halfe to their  
owne consciences; and so I shall be sure to get money to beare  
my charges :  
When all failes, well-fare a good wit.  
But soft, no more of that :  
Here comes Master *Gripe*.

*Enter Gripe.*

*Gripe.* What Master *Churms* ? What all alone ? how fares  
your body ?

*Churms.* Faith sir, reasonable well : I am eene walking here  
to take the fresh ayre.

*Gripe.* 'Tis very holsome this faire weather :  
But Master *Churms*, how like you my Daughter ?  
Can you doe any good on her ? will she be rul'd yet ?  
How stands she affected to *Peter Ploddall* ?

*Churms.* O very well sir : I haue made her very confor-  
mable.

O let me alone to perswade a woman :  
I hope you shall see her marryed within this weeke at most,  
I meane to my selfe.

*He speakes to himselfe.*

*Gripe.* Master *Churms*, I am so exceedingly beholding to  
you,  
I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindnesse,  
But i'th meane time her's a brace of Angels for you to drinke,  
for your paines.

This



WILT BEGVILDE.

This newes hath eene lightned my heart,  
O sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.  
Come Master *Churms*, you shall goe home with me,  
We'ie haue good cheere & be merry for this to night yfaith.  
*Churmes*. Well let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pegge and her Granam.*

*Pegge*. Granam, giue me but two Crownes of red gold,  
And Ile giue you two pence of white siluer,  
If *Robin* the Deuill be not a Water-witch.

*Mother M.* Marry, Iesus blisse vs: Why prethee?

*Pegge*. Marry, Ile tell you why.  
Vpon the morrow after the blessed New-yeere,  
I came trip, trip, trip, ouer the market hill,  
Holding vp my Petticoat to the calues of my legges,  
To shew my fine coloured stockings,  
And how finely I could foote it in a paire of new cork't  
shooes I had bought:  
And there I espyed this *Mounser Masse*, lye gaping vp into  
the skies,

To know how many maydes would be with child in the  
Towne all the yeere after:  
O'tis a base vexation slaue,  
How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varlet.

*Mother M.* Marry out vpon him: what a Friday-fac'd slaue  
it is:

I thinke in my conscience, his face neuer keepe holiday.

*Pegge*. Why, his face can neuer be at quiet,  
He has such a cholericke Nose,  
I durst ha sworne by my maiden-head,  
(God forgine me that I should take such an oath)  
That if *William* had had such a nose, I would neuer ha loued  
him.

*Enter Will Cricket.*

*Will*. What tattling is here of Noses?  
Come *Pegge*, wee are toward marriage; let vs talke of that  
may doe vs good; Granam, what will you giue vs towards  
house-keeping?

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Mother M.* Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin-good-fellow*: What thinke you of him?

*VVill.* Marry I say, he looks like a Tankard-bearer,  
That dwells in Petticoat-lane, at the signe of the Mearemaid;  
and I sweare by the blood of my Codpeece,  
And I were a woman, I would lugge off his loue eares,  
Or run him to death with a spit: and for his face,  
I thinke 'tis pittie, there is not a Law made,  
That it should be felony to name it in any other places.  
Then in bawdy-houses:

But Granam, what will you giue vs?

*Mother M.* Marry I will giue *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,  
Two Platters, a Dish, and a Spooone, a Dogge and a Cat; I  
trow shele proue a good House-wife,  
And loue her husband well too.

*VVill.* If she loue me, Ile loue her: yfaith my sweet hon-  
nycombe, Ile loue thee, *Aper se A.*  
We must be ask't in Church next Sunday, and weele be mar-  
ryed presently.

*Pegge.* Yfaith *VVilliam* weele haue a merry day on't.

*Moth. M.* That we will yfaith *Pegge*: weele haue a whole  
noyse of Fidlers there:

Come *Pegge*, let's hye vs home, weele make a Bag-pudding to  
supper,

And *William* shall goe and sup with vs,

*Will.* Come on yfaith.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.*

(loue?)

*Fort.* Why, how now *Sophos*, all a mort? still languishing in  
Will not the presence of thy friend preuaile?

Nor hope expell these fullen fits?

Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile

From those sad drooping lookes of thine?

Rely on hope, whose hap will lead thee right

To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight;

Looke cheerely man, the time is neere at hand,

That *Hymen* mounted on a snow-white Coach,

Shall tend on *Sophos*, and his louely Bride,

*Sophos.*

# WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Sophos* 'Tis impossible : her Father man, her Father,  
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*.

*Fortunatus*. Should I but see that *Ploddall* offer loue :  
This Sword should pierce the peasants brest,  
And chase his soule from his accursed corps,  
By an vnwonted way, vnto the grisly lake,  
But now the appointed time is neere,  
That *Churms* should come, with his supposed loue :  
Then sit we downe vnder these leauy shades. (*they sit downe.*)  
And wayte the time of *Lelias* wisht approach.

*Sophos*. I, here Ile wayte for *Lelias* wisht approach.  
More wisht to me, then is a calme at Seas  
To shipwracke soules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.  
Though sad despaire hath almost drown'd my hopes;  
Yet would I passe the burning vaults of *Orke*,  
As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his Loue.  
If I might meet my Loue vpon the strond,  
And but inioy her loue one minute of an houre. *Enter Robins.*  
But stay : what man or deuill, or hellish fiend, comes here,  
Transformed in this ougly vnquoth shape ?

*Fortu.* O, peace a while, you shall see good sport anon.

*Robin*. Now I am cloathed in this hellish shape ;  
If I could meete with *Sophos* in these woods,  
O, he would take me for the Deuill himselfe,  
I should ha good laughing, beside the forty shillings *Peter Ploddall* has giuen me : and if I get no more, I am sure of that,,  
But soft : now I must try my cunning, for here he sit.

The high commander of the damned soules,  
Great *Dis*, the Duke of Deuils, and Prince of *Limbo* lake,  
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx*, and *Phiegeton*,  
By strict command from *Pluto* Hels great Monarch,  
And faire *Proserpina* the Queene of Hell,  
By full consent of all the damned Haggas,  
And all the fiends that keepe the *Syagian* plaines,,  
Hath sent me here from depth of vnder ground,,  
To summon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

*Fortunatus*. A man, or deuill, or what so' re thou art,

WILT BEGUILDE.

He trye if blowes will driue thee downe to hell.  
 Belike thou art the Devils Parrator,  
 The basest officer that liues in hell,  
 For such thy words imports thee for to be :  
 'Tis pittie you should come so farre without a fee :  
 And because I know money goes low with *Sophos*,  
 He pay you your fees: *He beates him.*

Take that, and that, and that, vpon thee.

*Robin.* O, good sir, I beseech you, He doe any thing.  
*Fortunatus.* Then downe to hell, for sure thou art a De-  
 uill.

*Robin.* O, hold your hands, I am not a Deuill by my  
 troth.

*Fortunatus.* Sounds dost thou crosse me? I say thou art a  
 Deuill. *Beats him againe.*

*Robin.* O Lord sir, saue my life : and He say as you say,  
 Or any thing else you'le ha me doe.

*Fortu.* Then stand vp, and make a preachment of thy pe-  
 digree, and how at first thou learnd'st this deuilish trade: Vp  
 I say. *Beate him.*

*Robin.* O, I will sir : *Stands vpon a stoole.*  
 Although in some places I beare the title of a scurvy Gentle-  
 man :

By birth, I am a Boat-wrights sonne of hell,  
 My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,  
 Vnder the old ruines of *Boobus* barne ;  
 Who as she liu'd, at length she likewise dyed,  
 And for her good deeds, went vnto the Deuill :  
 But hell, not wont to harbour such a guest,  
 Her fellow Fiends doe daily make complaint,  
 Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady *Queene*,  
 Of her vnruely mis-behaviour :  
 Intreating that a Pasport might be drawne  
 For her to wander till the day of Doome  
 On earth againe, to vex the mindes of men,  
 And swore she was the fittest Fiend in hell,  
 To driue men to desperation.



**WILY BEGVILDE.**

To this intent, her Pasport then was drawne,  
And in a whirle-wind forth of hell she came;  
Ore hills she hurles, and scowres along the plaines:  
The trees flew vp by th' roots, the earth did quake for feare,  
The houses tumble downe; she playes the Deuill and all:  
At length not finding any one so fit  
To effect her deuillish charge, as I:  
She comes to me, as to her onely child,  
And me her instrument in earth she made;  
And by that meanes, I learn'd that deuillish trade.

*Sophos.* O monstrous villaine!

*Fortun.* But tell me what's thy course of life?  
And how thou shiftest for maintainance in the world?

*Robin.* Faith sir, I am in a manner a Promoter,  
Or more fitly tearm'd a Promoting Knaue,  
I creepe into the presence of great men,  
And vnder colour of their friendships,  
Effect such wonders in the world,  
That Babes will curse me that are yet vnborne.  
Of the best men, I raise a common fame,  
And honest women, rob of their good name,  
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drift:  
That I get best, is got but by a shift:  
But the chiefe course of all my life,  
Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

*Fortun.* Out vpon thee Caniball. *He beats him.*  
Dost thou thinke thou shalt euer come to heauen?

*Robin.* I little hope for heauen, or heauenly blisse:  
But if in hell doth any place remaine,  
Of more esteeme then is another roome,  
I hope as a guerdon for my iust desert,  
To haue it for my detestable acts.

*Fortun.* Wert not thy tongue condemnes thy guilty soule,  
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth,  
Did breathe a Villaine more audacious,  
Goe, get thee gone, & come not in my walke: *Beats him.*  
For if thou dost, thou comest vnto thy woe.

*Robin.*

WILT BEGVILDE.

*Rob.* The deuill himselfe was neuer so coniur'd. (*Exit Rob.*)

*Sophos.* Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Deuill,  
Whose ougly shape bewrayes his monstrous mind.

*Fort.* And if he be a Deuill, I am sure he's gone:  
But *Churmes* the Lawyer will be here anon,  
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:  
'Tis he I am sure you looke for.

*Sophos.* Nay, she it is that I expect so long.

*Fort.* Then sit we downe vntill we heare more newes:  
This but a Prologue to our play ensues. *They sit downe.*

*Enter Churmes, and Lelia.*

But see where *Churmes* and *Lelia* comes along.  
He walkes as stately as the great Baboone.  
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a Midwife.

*Sophos.* Now gentle *loue*, great Monarke of the world,  
Grant good successe vnto my wandring hopes.

*Chu.* Now *Phæbus* siluer-eye is drencht in western deepe,  
And *Luna* gins to shew her splendent rayes,  
And all the harmelesse Quiresters of woods,  
Doe take repose, saue onely *Philomell*:

Whose heauy tunes doe euermore record  
With mornefull layes the losses of her loue.  
Thus farre faire Loue, we passe in secret sort.  
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,  
Where he on downe-soft bed securely sleepest,  
And not so much as dreame of our depart.  
The danger's past, now thinke of nought but loue,  
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.

*Sophos.* Nay first, Ile send thy soule to coale-blacke night.

*Chur.* Thou promis'dst loue, now seale it with a kisse.

*Fort.* Nay, soft sir, your marke's at the fairest,  
Forswear her loue, and seale it with a kisse,  
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade,  
Or it shall rip the intrals of thy peasant heart.

*Sophos.* Nay, let me doe it, that's my part.

*Chur.* You wrong me much to rob me of my Loue.

*Sophos.* Auaunt base bragard, *Lelia's* mine.

*Churmes.*

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Churms.* She lately promis'd loue to me.

*Fortin.* Peace, Night-rauen, peace, Ile end this contro-  
uerfie..

Come *Lelia*, stand betweene them both,  
As equall Iudge, to end the strife :  
Say which of these shall haue thee to his wife :  
I can deuise no better way then this :  
Now chuse thy Loue, and greeete him with a kisse.

*Lelia.* My choyce is made, and here it is. *She kisses Sophos.*

*Sophos.* See here the mirrour of true constancy :  
Whose stedfast loue deserues a Princes worth.

*Lelia.* Master *Churms* are you not well?  
I must confesse I would haue chosen you,  
But that I ne'r beheld your Legges till now :  
Trust me, I neuer look't so low before.

*Churms.* I know you vse to looke aloft.

*Lelia.* Yet not so high as your crowne.

*Churms.* What if you had?

*Lelia.* Faith I should haue spied a Calues head.

*Churms.* Sounds, coozend of the Wench, and scoft too?  
'Tis intolerable : and shall I lose her thus?  
How't mads me, that I brought not my Sword and buckler  
with me !

*Fortin.* What, are you in your Sword and buckler termes?  
Ile put you out of that humour :

There, *Lelia* sends you that by me, *Beates him.*

And that, to recompence your loues desire :  
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.  
Goe, get thee gone, and boast of *Lelias* Loue.

*Churms.* Where ere I goe, Ile leaue with her my curse,  
And raile on you with speeches vild.

*Fortin.* A crafty Knaue was neuer so beguild,  
Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their lucky haps,  
And he enioyes the presence of his Loue,  
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd  
Vpon this hel-bred brace of cursed Imps :  
Now rests nought but my Fathers free consent,

WILLY BEGUILDE.

To knit the knot that time can ne'r vntwist.  
 And that, as this, I likewise will performe:  
 No sooner shall *Auroras* pearled dew  
 Orespred the mantled earth with silver drops,  
 And *Phœbus* blesse the Orient with a blush,  
 To chase blacke night to his deformed Cell,  
 But Ile repaire vnto my Fathers house,  
 And neuer cease with my inticing words,  
 To worke his will to knit this Gordian knot:  
 Till when, Ile leaue you to your amorous chat:  
 Deare friend, adieu, faire sister too farewell,  
 Betake your selues vnto some secret place:  
 Vntill you heare from me how things fall our. *Exit Fortu.*

*Sophos.* We both doe with a fortunate good-night.

*Lelia.* And pray the Gods to guide thy steps a right.

*Sophos.* Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our selues  
 Vnto a little Hermitage here by;  
 And thereto liue obscured from the world,  
 Till Fates, and Fortunes, call vs thence away,  
 To see the sun-shine of our Nuptiall day.  
 See how the twinkling starres do hide their borrowed shine,  
 As halfe asham'd their lustre is so stain'd  
 By *Lelias* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright  
 Then twinkling starres doe in a Winters night:  
 In such a night did *Paris* win his Loue.

*Lelia.* In such a night *Aeneas* pron'd vnkind.

*Sophos.* In such a night, did *Troilus* court his deare.

*Lelia.* In such a night faire *Philis* was betraid.

*Sophos.* Ile proue as true as euer *Troilus* was.

*Lelia.* And I as constant as *Penelope*.

*Sophos.* Then let vs solace, and in loues delight,  
 And sweet imbracings spend the liue-long night:  
 And whilst loue mounts her, on her wanton wings,  
 Let Descant run on Musicks silver strings. *Exeunt.*

*A Song.*



WILY BEGVILDE.

A SONG.

<sup>1</sup>  
**O**ld Tithon must forsake his deare,  
The Larke doe chaunt her cheerefull lay:  
Aurora smiles with merry cheere,  
To welcome in a happy day.

<sup>2</sup>  
The Beasts doe skippe,  
The sweet Birds sing:  
The Wood-Nymphs dance,  
The Echoes ring.

<sup>3</sup>  
The hollow Cakes with ioy resounds,  
And Pleasure every where abounds:  
The Graces lincking band in hand,  
In Lene haue knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and old Ploddall, and  
his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Master Good-fellow, how haue you  
sped?

Peter. Ha you playd the Deuill brauely, and scar'd the  
Scholler out on's wits?

Robin. A poxe of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay, harke you, I sent you vorty shillings, and  
you shall haue the Cheefe I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty shillings and the cheefe too.

Peter. Heare you, will you giue me the powder you told  
me of?

Robin. How you vexe me! powder quotha?  
Sounds, I ha bene powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prone a crafty knaue, and  
coozen vs of our money:

## WILT BEGUILDE.

Weele goe to Master Iustice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Country for a Connicatcher.

*Peter.* I, or haue his eares nayld to the Pillory :  
Come let's goe. *Exeunt Ploddall and his sonne.*

*Enter Churms.*

*Chur.* Fellow *Robin*, what newes, how goes the world?

*Robin.* Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how :  
How sped you with your Wench?

*Churms.* I would the wench were at the Denill :  
A plague vpon't, I neuer say my prayers,  
And that makes me haue such ill lucke.

*Robin.* I thinke the Scholler be-hanted me with some  
Demy-deuill.

*Churms.* Why, didst thou fray him?

*Robin.* Fray him? a vengeance on't, all our shifting kna-  
ueri's knowne :

We are counted very vagrants,  
Sounds, I am afraid of euery Officer for whipping.

*Churms.* Wee are horribly hanted : our behaiour is so  
beastly, that we are grown lothsome ; our craft get vs nought  
but knocks.

*Robin.* What course shall we take now?

*Churms.* Faith, I cannot tell ; lets eene run our Country,  
For here's no staying for vs.

*Robin.* Faith agreed : lets goe into some place where we  
are not knowne, and there set vp the art of Knauery with the  
second edition. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gripe solus.*

*Gripe.* Euery one tells me I looke better then I was wont,  
My heart's lightned, my spirits are reuiued :

Why, me thinkes I am young againe ;

It ioyes my heart, that this same peeuishe girle my daughter  
will be rul'd at the last yet :

But I shall neuer be able to make *M. Churms* amends for the  
great paines he hath taken.

*Enter*

WILT BEGVILDE.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Master, now out vpon's, welladay, we are all vndone.

*Gripe.* Vndone ! What sodaine accident hath chanced ?  
Speake, What's the matter ?

*Nurse.* Alas, that euer I was borne !  
My Mistresse and M. *Churms* are run away together.

*Gripe.* 'Tis not possible; ne'r tell me : I dare trust Master  
*Churms* with a greater matter then that.

*Nurse.* Faith you must trust him whether you will or no,  
for he's gone.

*Enter Will Cricket.*

*Will.* M. *Gripe*, I was comming to desire that I might haue  
your absence at my wedding : for I heare say you are very  
liberall growne alate :

For I spake with three or foure of your debtors this mor-  
ning, that ought you a hundred pound apeece,  
And they told me that you sent M. *Churms* to them, and tooke  
of some ten pounds,

And of some twenty, and deliuered them their bonds,  
And bade them pay the rest when they were able.

*Gripe.* I am vndone, I am robd, my daughter, my money !  
Which way are they gone ?

*Will.* Faith sir, its all to nothing; but your daughter and  
M. *Churms* are gone both one way :  
Marry your money flyes some one way, and some another :  
And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

*Gripe.* Follow them, make hue and cry after them.  
My daughter, my money, all's gone, what I shall I doe ?

*Will.* Faith if you will be rul'd by me,  
Ile tell you what you shall doe :

( Marke what I say ) for Ile teach you the way to come to  
Heauen, if you stumble not :

Giue all you haue to the poore, but one single penny ;  
And with that penny, buy you a good strong halter,  
And when you haue done so; come to me, and Ile tell you  
what you shall doe with it.

WILLY BEGVILDE.

*Gripe.* Bring me my daughter, that *Charms* that villaine,  
He teare him with my teeth.

*Nurse.* Master, nay doe not run mad,  
He tell you good newes :  
My young Master *Fortunatus* is come home :  
And see where he comes.

*Enter Fortunatus.*

*Gripe.* If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had beene some thing :

*Fortu.* Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his father,  
And craues his Blessing on his bended knee.

*Gripe.* I, here's my Sonne : but *Lelia* she'le not come ;  
Good *Fortunatus* rise, wilt thou shed teares,  
And helpethy Father mone ?  
If so, say I : if not, good Sonne be gone.

*Fortunatus.* What moues my Father to these vncouth fits ?

*Will.* Faith sir, he's almost mad : I thinke he cannot tell  
you :

And therefore I presuming sir, that my wits are something  
better then his, at this time (doe you marke sir ?)

Out of the profound circumambulation of my supernaturall  
wit, sir (doe you vnderstand ?)

Will tell you the whole superfluity of the matter, sir :

Your sister *Lelia* sir, you know is a woman,

As another woman is, sir.

*Fort.* Well, and what of that ?

*Will.* Nay, nothing sir, but she fell in loue with one *Sophos*, a  
very proper wise young man sir :

Now sir, your Father would not let her haue him, sir :

But would haue marryed her to one sir,

That would haue fed her with nothing but Barly Bapud-  
dings and fat Bacon.

Now sir, to tell you the truth,  
The foole (yee know) has fortune to Land : But Mistresse  
*Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

*Fortu.* And how then ?

*Will.* Marry then there was a certaine craking, cogging,  
Pettifogging, Butter-milke slaue sir, one *Charmer* sir, that  
is



WILY BEGUILDE.

is the very quintessence of all the Knaues in the bunch;  
And if the best man of all his kin had beene but so good as a  
Yeomans sonne,

He should haue bene a markt knaue by Letters parents,  
And he sir, comes me sneaking, and coozen them both of  
their wench, and is run away with her:  
And sir, belike hee has coozend your father here of a great  
deale of his money too.

*Nurse.* Sir, your father did trust him but too much;  
But I alwayes thought he would proue a crafty Knaue.

*Gripe.* My trust's betray'd, my ioyes exil'd.  
Griefe kills the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

*Fortin.* Where golden gaine doth bleare a Fathers eyes,  
That precious Pearle fetcht from *Parnassus* mount,  
Is counted reffuse, worse then *Bullin* Brasse:  
Both ioyes and hopes hang of a silly twine,  
That still is subiect vnto flitting time:  
That turnes ioy into griefe, and hope to sad despaire,  
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.

Were I the richest Monarch vnder Heauen,  
And had one Daughter thrice as faire,  
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,  
Ere I would match her to an vntaught swayne,  
Though one whose wealth exceeded *Cressus* store,  
Her selfe should choose, and I applaud her choyce,  
Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,  
Were his deserts but equall vnto his.  
If I might speake without offence;  
You were too blame to hinder *Lulus* choyce.  
As she in Natures graces doth excell,  
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

*Nurse.* Now, by Cocke and Pie; you neuer spake a truer  
word in your life; he's a very kind Gentleman:  
For last time he was at our house, he gaue me three pence.

*Will.* O nobly spoken: God send *Pegge* to proue as wise a  
woman as her mother, and then we shall be sure to haue wise  
children.

Nay.

WILT BEGVILDE.

Nay if he be so liberall ; old Grandfire, you shall giue him the good-will of your Daughter.

*Gripe.* She is not mine, I haue no Daughter now.  
That I should say I had, thence comes my grieve :  
My care of *Lelia*, past Fathers loue :  
My loue of *Lelia*, makes my losse the more :  
My losse of *Lelia*, drownes my heart in woe :  
My hearts woe, makes this life a liuing death,  
Care, Loue, Losse, Hearts-woe, Liuing-death,  
Ioyne all in one, to stop this vitall breath.  
Curst be the time I gap'd for golden gaine,  
I curse that time, I crost her in her choice :  
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was base,  
I fought to grace her from the Indian mines,  
But she fought honour from the starry Mount :  
What franticke fit posselt my foolish braine?  
What furious fancy fired so my heart,  
To hate faire vertue, and to scorne desert ?

*Fortunatus.* Then Father, giue Desert his due,  
Let Natures graces and faire Vertues gifts,  
One sympathy and happy comfort make,  
Twix't *Sophos* and sister *Lelias* loue :  
Conioyne their hands, whose hearts haue long beene one,  
And so conclude a happy vnion.

*Gripe.* Now 'tis too late :  
What Fates decree, can neuer be recall'd :  
Her lucklesse loue is fallen to *Charms* his lot,  
And he vsurpes faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

*Fortunatus.* That cannot be, feare of pursuit must needs prolong his Nuptiall rights :  
But if you giue your full consent,  
That *Sophos* may enioy his long wisht Lone,  
And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely Bride,  
He follow *Charms* what ere betide ;  
He be as swift as the light-foot Roe,  
And ouer-take him ere his iourneyes end.  
And bring faire *Lelia* backe vnto my friend.

*Gripe.*

*Gripe.* I, here's my hand; I doe consent,  
And thinke her happy, in her happy choyce:  
Yet halfe fore-iudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.  
But *Fortunatus*, I must needs commend  
Thy constant mind thou bearest vnto thy friend,  
The after-Ages wondring at the same,  
Shall say, Tis a deed deserueth lasting fame.

*Fortunatus.* Then rest you here till I returne againe.  
He goe to *Sophos* ere I goe along,  
And bring him here to keepe you company:  
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts  
Of Planets course, or secret Magicke spells,  
To know where *Lessa* and that Foxe lyes hid,  
Whose craft so cunningly conuey'd her hence. *Exit Fortun.*

*Gripe.* I, here he rest an houre or twaine,  
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

*Will.* Faith sir, this same *Charms* is a very scurvy Lawyer,  
for once I put a case to him: and methought his Law was  
not worth a Pudding.

*Gripe.* Why, what was your case?

*Will.* Marry sir, my case was a Gooses case;  
For my dog wearyed my neighbours Sow, and the Sow dyed.

*Nurse.* And he sued you vpon wilfull murder?

*Will.* No, but he went to law with me, and would make  
me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dogge:  
Now sir, to the same Retourner I went.

*Nurse.* To begge a pardon for your dogge?

*Will.* No, but to haue some of his wit for my money:  
I gaue him his fee, and promis'd him a Goose beside, for his  
Counsell.

Now sir, his counsell was to deny all was askt me,

And to crane a longer time to answer,

Though I knew the case was plaine:

So sir, I take his counsell: and alwayes when he sends me  
for his Goose, I deny it, and crane a longer time to an-  
swer.

*Nurse.* And so the Case was yours, and the Goose was his.  
And so it came to be a Gooses case.

*Will.* True, but now we are talking of Geese,  
See where *Pegge*, and my Granam *Midnight* comes.

*Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.*

*Moth. M.* Come *Pegge*, bestir your stumps: make thy  
selfe smugge, wench; thou must be married to morrow:  
Lets goe seeke thy sweet-heart,  
To prepare all things in readinesse.

*Pegge.* Why Granam, looke where he is.

*Will.* Ha my sweet *Traililly*, I thought thou couldst spy  
me amongst a hundred honest men.

A man may see that Loue will creepe where it cannot goe.

Ha my sweet and too sweet: shall I say the tother sweet?

*Pegge.* I, say it and spare not.

*Will.* Nay, I will not say I will sing it.

*Thou art mine owne sweet heart,*

*From thac Ile neuer depart:*

*Thou art my Ciperlilly,*

*And I thy Trang didowne-dilly,*

*And sing Hey ding a ding,*

*And when 'tis done, not misse,*

*To giue my wench a kisse:*

*And then dance Canst thou not hit it:*

*Ho braue William Cricket!*

How like you this Granam?

*Mother M.* Mary Gods benison light oth thy good heart,  
fort:

Ha, that I were young againe!

Yfaith I was an old doer at these Long-songs, when I was a  
Girle.

*Nurse.* Now by the Mary mattens, *Pegge*, thou hast got the  
merriest wooer in all Womenshire.

*Peg.* Faith I am none of those that loue nothing but Tum  
dum diddle.

If



If he had not beene a merry shaner, I would neuer haue had him.

*Will.* But come my nimble Lasse, let all these matters passe, And in a bounding bratiation, lets talke of our copulation: What good cheere shall we haue to morrow? Old Grandfire Thick-skin, you that sit there as melancholly as a mantle-tree, what will you giue vs toward this merry meeting?

*Gripe.* Mary, because you told me a merry Gooses case, He bestow a fat Goose on you; and God giue you lucke.

*Mother Mid.* Marry well said old Master: eene God giue them ioy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good sweet young couple.

*Will.* Granam, stand out o th way, for here come Gentlefolke will run ore you else.

*Enter Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.*

*Nurse.* Master, here comes your Sonne againe.

*Gripe.* Is *Fortunatus* there?

Welcome *Fortunatus*; wher's *Sophos*?

*Fortu.* Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue, As you with griefe for losse of *Lelia*.

*Sophos.* And ten times more, if it be possible. The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare, Then is a Kingdome, or the richest Crowne That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

*Gripe.* Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now, Then any man on earth, to me or mine. It is not now with me as late it was, I lowr'd at Learning & at Vertue spurn'd: But now my heart and minde, and all is turn'd. Were *Lelia* here, I soone would knit the knot Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'r vntye, Till fatall Sisters victory had won, And that your glasse of life were quite out-run.

*Will.* Sounds, I thinke he be spurblind. Why *Lelia* stands hard by him.

*Lelia.*

WYET BEGYLDE.

*Lelia.* And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,  
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

*Gripe.* What, *Lelia* my Daughter? stand vp Wench:  
Why now my roy is full:

My heart is lightened of all sad annoy.

Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my roy.

Here, *Sophos*, takethy *Lelia* hand:

Great God of Heauen your hearts combine.

In vertues lore to raise a happy Line.

*Sophos.* Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,

And quench this burning beames that late were wont

To melt my waxen wings, when as I soar'd aloft:

And louely *Venus* smiles, with faire aspect

Vpon the Spring-time of our sacred loue:

Thou great Commander of the circled Orbs,

Grant that this League of lasting amity,

May lye recorded by Eternity.

*Lelia.* Then wisht content knit vp our Nuptiall right:

And future ioyes, our former griefes requite.

*Will.* Nay, and you be good at that. Ile tell you what we'le  
doe:

*Pegge* and I must be marryed to morrow; and if you will,

We'le all goe to Church together, and to saue *Mr John* a la-  
bour.

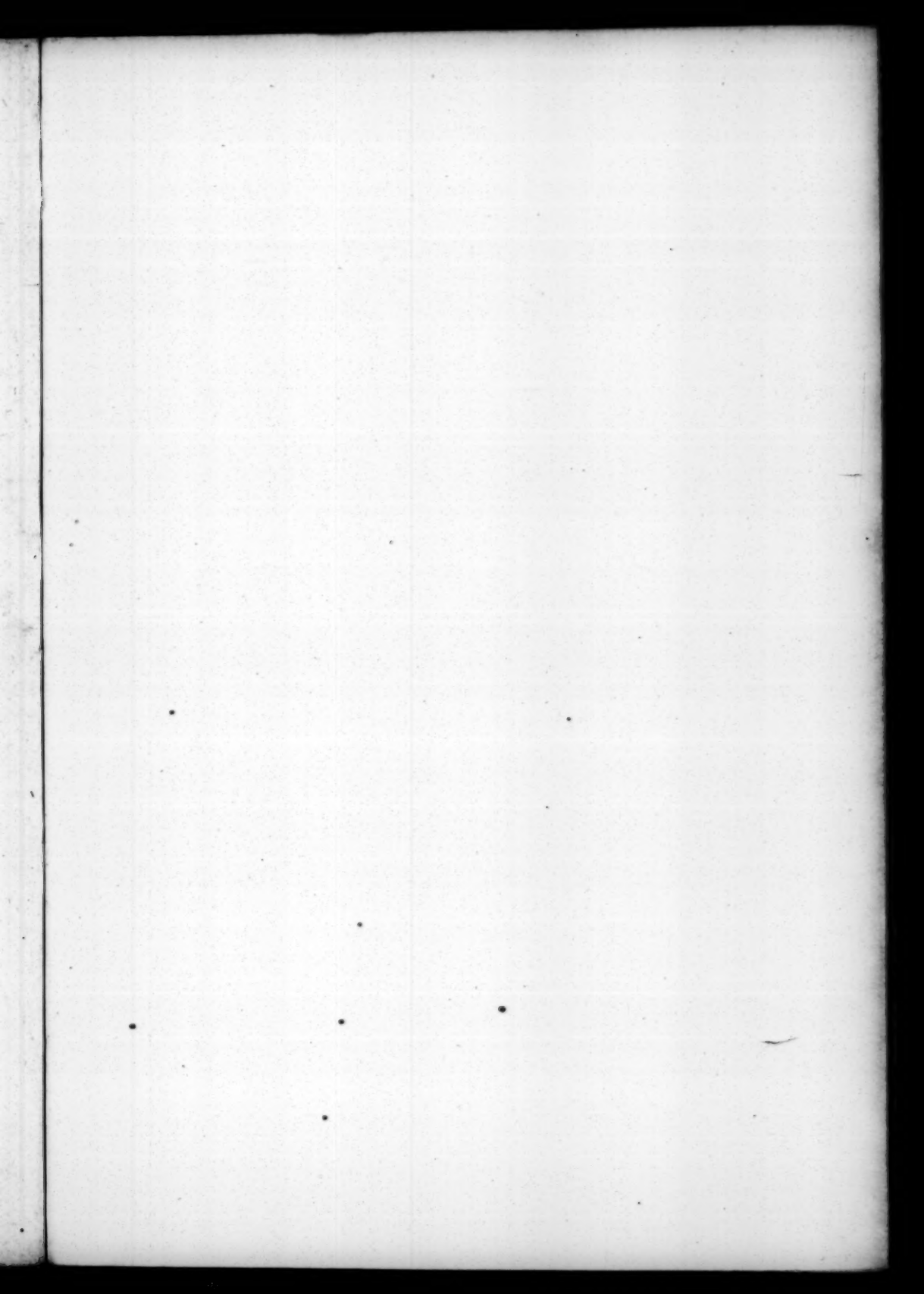
*All.* Agreed.

*Forth.* Then march along, and lets be gone.

To solemnize two marriages in one.

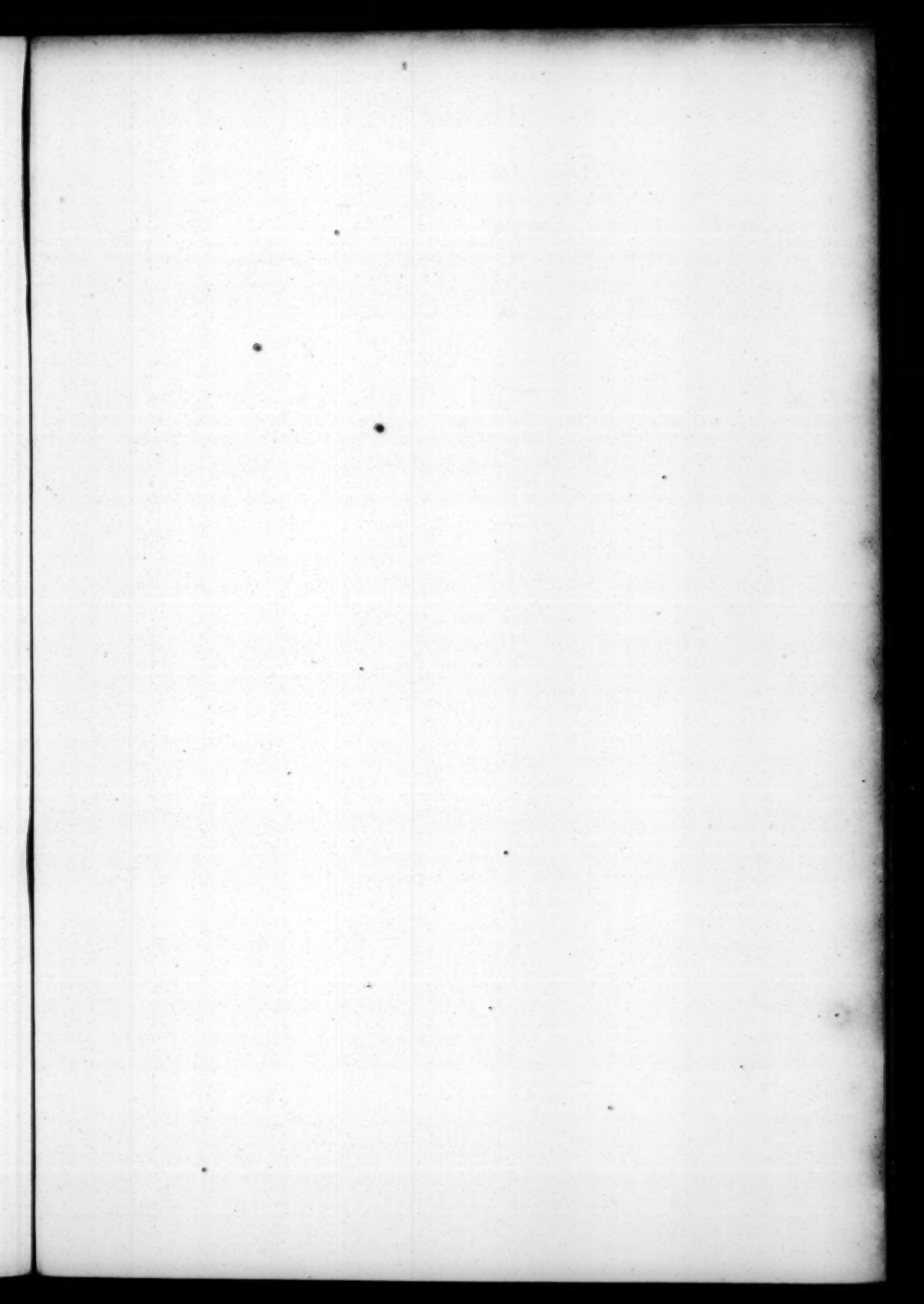
*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS

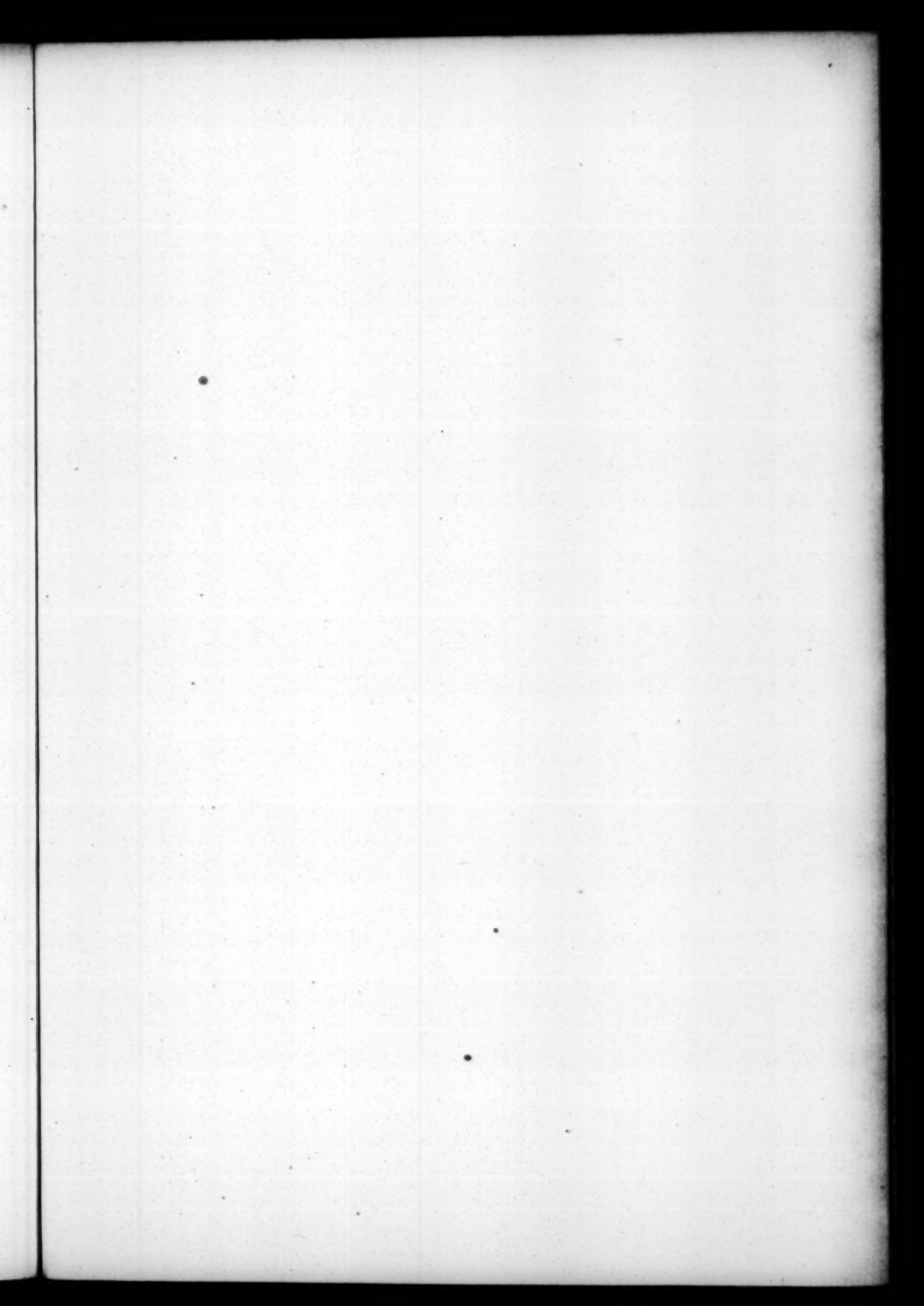






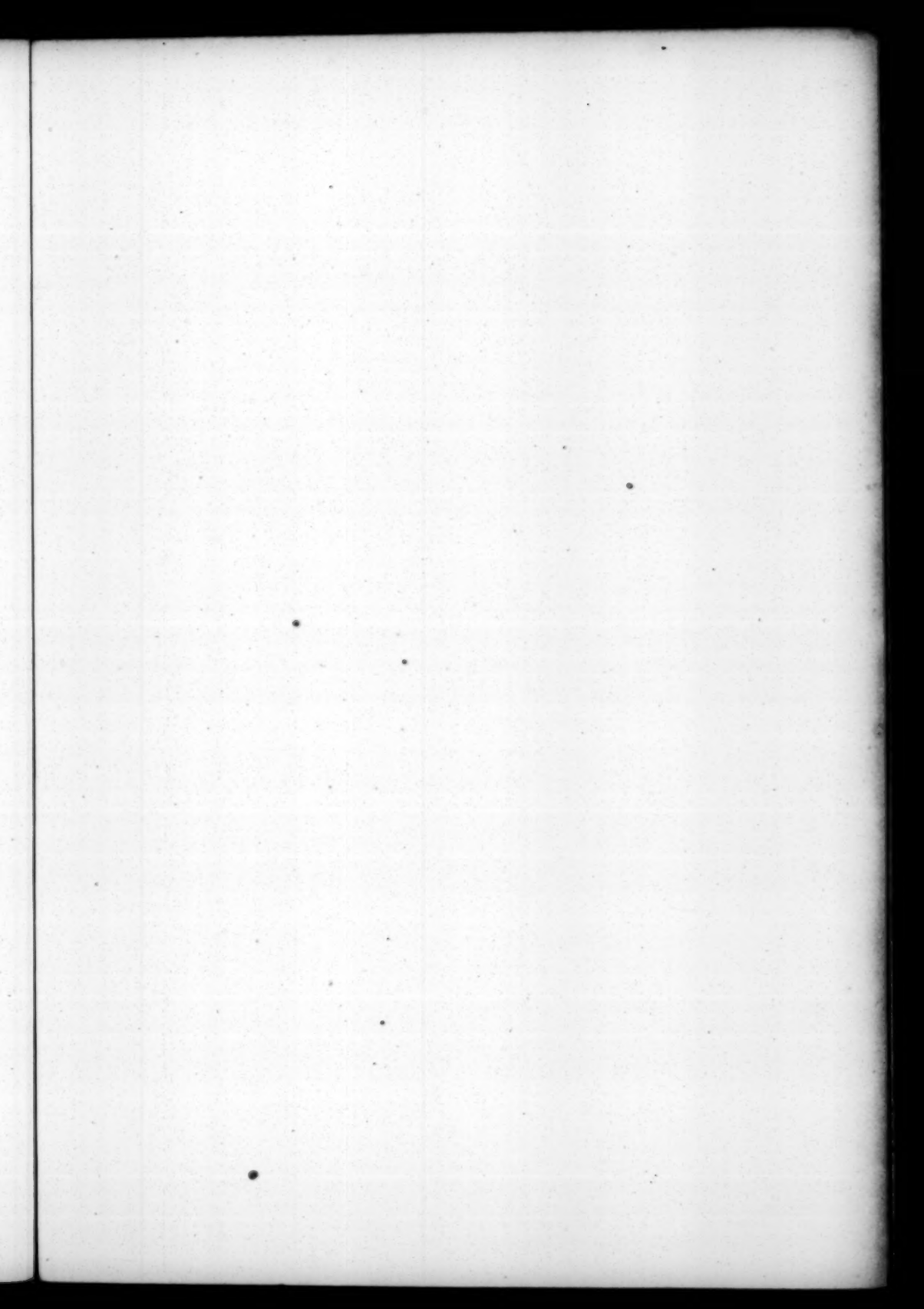










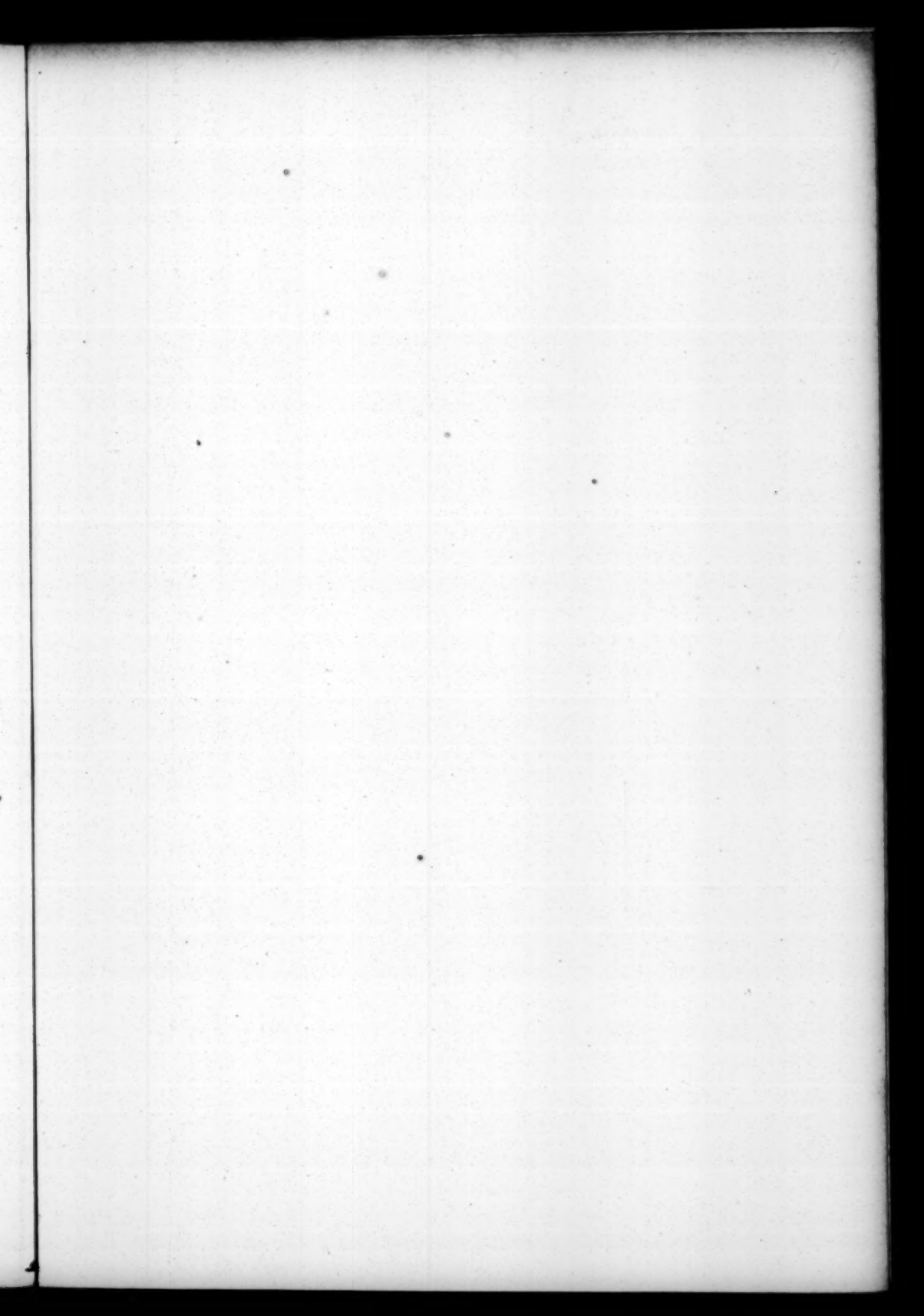


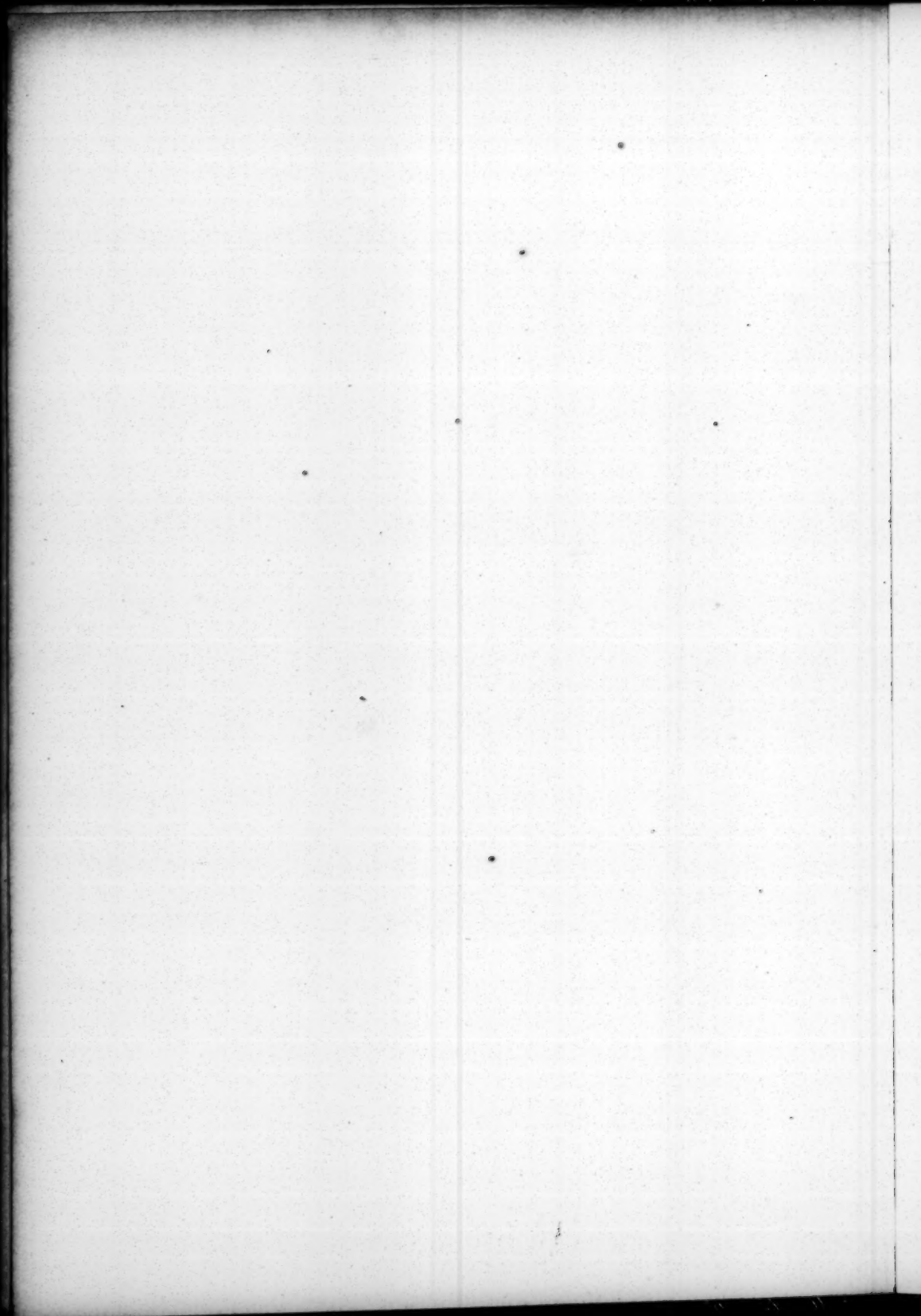


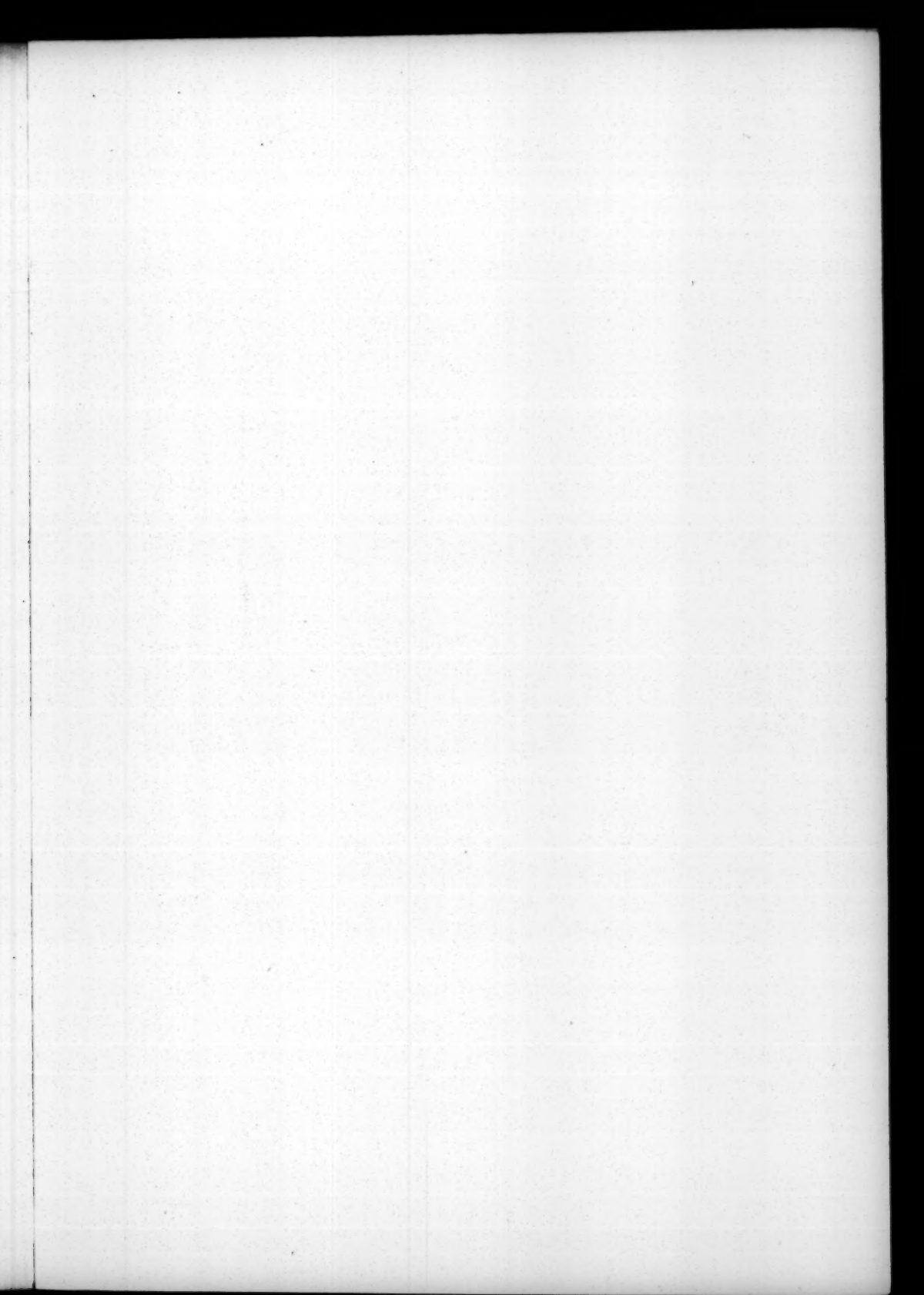


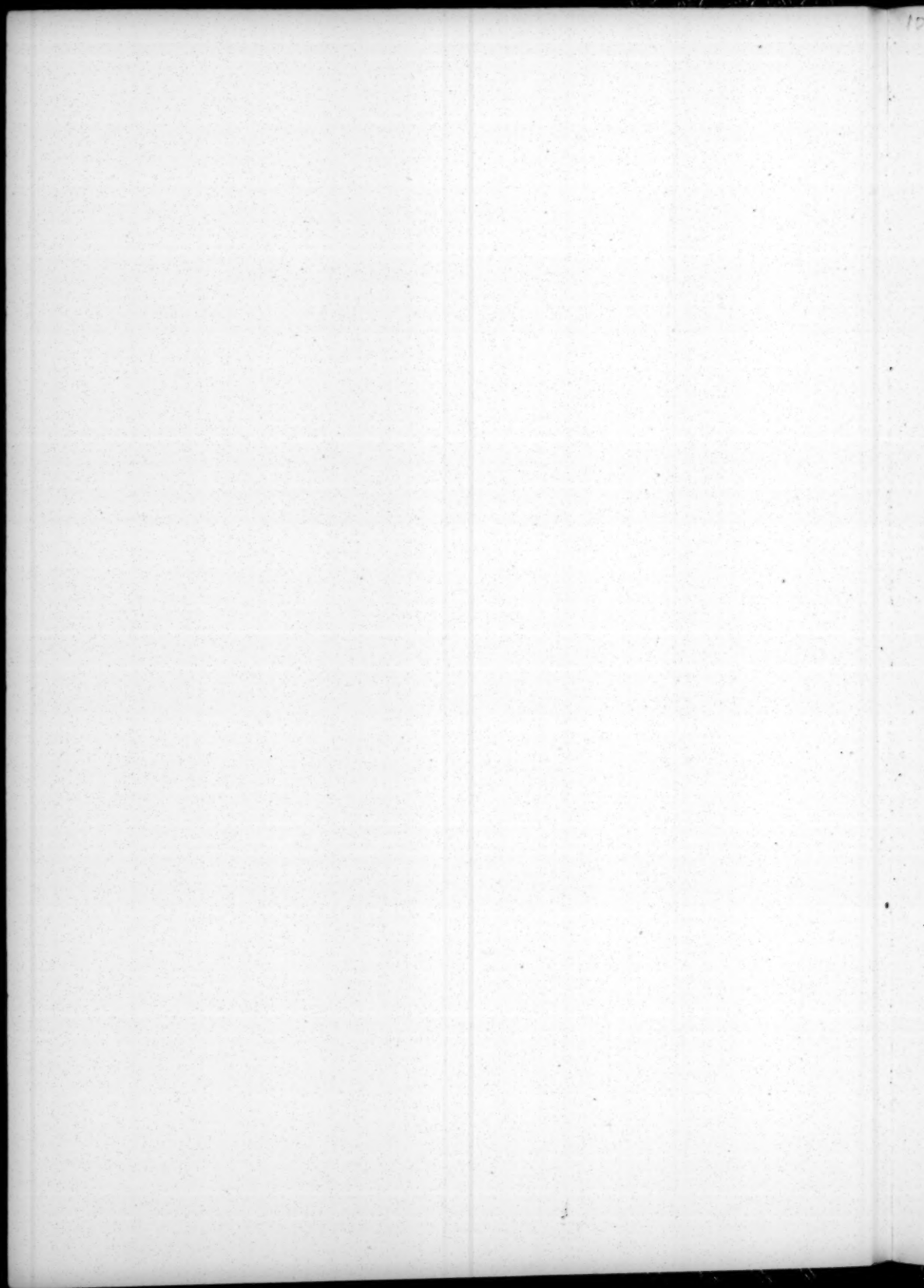














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